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3467



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# THE LIVING AGE.

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## OLD ENGLAND.

Our armies march, and scour the plain;  
 Our navies guard our shores;  
 Our cities strain with might and main  
 To fill the world with stores;  
 Brave workers toil, both night and day,  
 With matchless strength and skill:—  
 Where are the "signs of slow decay"?—  
 England is England still.

Through many a shire by tow'r and  
 spire  
 Each village makes its nest,—  
 Hard sons of toil with hearts of fire—  
 Our bravest and our best.  
 They tend the kine, they fold the sheep,  
 The fields they sow or till,  
 Their "noiseless tenor" yet they keep—  
 England is England still.

Or, friends far off—far, far away  
 From this our Island Home,  
 What shall we pray, what can we say  
 To you across the foam?  
 Whate'er betide may fear or pride  
 Ne'er touch our right goodwill;  
 May *you* and *we* long live to see  
 England old England still.

Though factions fight with all their  
 might,  
 And mar each wise endeavor,  
 The cause of Freedom and of Right  
 Still rolls along for ever.  
 This happy land secure shall stand,  
 Based on her People's will.  
 Though wide the range, through every  
 change,  
 England is England still.

○ rolling down, more lovely made  
 By every passing cloud,  
 ○ purple heath, ○ dappled glade,  
 ○ wood by breezes bow'd,  
 ○ land and sea, ○ lake and lea,  
 ○ meadow-stream and hill,  
 ○ rock-bound coast!—where'er we be,  
 England is England still.

Dear Mother Isle, how fair the smile  
 That lightens up thy face!  
 E'en those who part from thee a while  
 Long for thy warm embrace.  
 Through hours of joy, through hours  
 of pain,  
 My heart with thee I fill;

Through shine or rain, thou wilt remain  
 England *my* England still.  
 The Spectator. *Horace Smith.*

## NOW-A-DAYS.

It's oh! to be young in a world grown  
 old,  
 A sober world and gray;  
 With chivalry banished, and love  
 grown cold,  
 And the fairies fled away;  
 For the Little People are over the  
 sea, over the sea to the West.  
 A thousand leagues through the Sunset  
 Gates they dwell in the Isles of  
 the Blest.

It's oh! to be young in a world grown  
 old,  
 A world that once was fair;  
 She has painted her face like an old-  
 time queen,  
 And tired her faded hair;  
 And Love, and Laughter, and Hope,  
 and Faith, are withered and  
 worn as she;  
 For all sweet things are fled away  
 with the Little Folk over the sea.  
*Isobel A. H. Fisher.*

*Westminster Gazette.*

## THE MESSAGE OF AGE.

I come to you to sing of happiness,  
 Which many years I sought for in my  
 soul  
 As though it were some philosophic  
 goal:  
 I found it not, but only emptiness.  
 And then I sought for pleasure in the  
 press  
 Of those delights no creeds or  
 thoughts control,  
 The beat of cymbals, and the foam-  
 ing bowl,  
 And, living madly, knew content still  
 less.  
 Yet happiness was here at hand for me,  
 In cool and even contours of my  
 room—  
 With light just flowing from the so-  
 ber north—  
 And on the wharves where solemn  
 steamers loom,  
 In all their mystery of going forth  
 To taste the sullen splendor of the sea.  
 The Nation. *Fredgond Maitland.*

# THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION.\*

"Oh, these parsons, I hate 'em all!" says Mrs. Beatrix, clapping her hands together; "yes, whether they wear cassocks and buckles, or beards and bare feet. They're all the same, whether they're bishops, or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try to domineer and they frighten us with kingdom come; and they wear a sanctified air in public, and expect us to go down on our knees and ask their blessing; and they intrigue, and they grasp, and they slander worse than the worst courtier or the wickedest old woman. Oh, these priests and their grave airs! I'm sick of their square toes and their rustling cassocks. I should like to go to a country where there was not one, or turn Quaker and get rid of 'em."—*Esmond*.

Though she ended by marrying one—and a shabby specimen he was, though he ended as a bishop—there is too much truth in the indictment. It is not difficult to understand why the Reformers kicked against priests, the Pilgrim Fathers against parsons, and the Quakers against ministers. Yet all three are still with us. Their claws, happily, have been cut; we no longer take them quite at their own valuation; but here they are. There is something, it seems, in their calling which corresponds to a permanent appetite in human nature; were it not so, their faults are so great and so many they had surely disappeared. Yet, let it not be forgotten, if the average priest is a poor advertisement for his order, the exceptional one has a singular attraction. Priesthood is indeed a temperament, not an order. A girl may have it; a bishop be without it; it is of the Spirit, not of the imposition of hands. But when the sign and the thing signified

meet, we have a certain fragrance of religion, a living source of life.

The position, however, either of a professional wonder-worker or a professional moralist, is not an easy one; and the fact that the clergy are so apt to sink, according to circumstances, into the one or other is sufficient to account for the unfavorable light in which they commonly appear in fiction—perhaps in real life. It is upon the adjective that stress is to be laid. To have an effective leverage on human nature is to be in a true sense a wonder-worker, to glow at the touch of virtue a moralist; while to be without such high experiences is to be unfit for the ministry of souls. But they are not to be called up at will; and when a man's professional duties require their permanent presence the danger either of mechanism or of unreality comes in. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*: it is at His, not at our will. The French clergy as they appear in fiction have been lately pictured in this Review. Our subject is the English. The two have features in common: "Priests of all religions are the same." Yet to pass from the one to the other is to pass a boundary-line more marked than the Channel: in the same age and civilization it is difficult to imagine two classes of men farther apart. The one lives, not indeed out of the world—he is often both in and of it—but in a world apart from that of his fellows, whose traditions, aims, and interests are alien and often hostile to those of the larger lay world. His training, intellectual and moral, has been such as to develop in him "a distinctive and inferior mentality"—the phrase is M. Loisy's; his knowledge, his methods of thought, his points of view, his principles of action are other than those of ordinary men. Nor is the comparison between him and them to his advantage. Colet left St.

\* "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Austen. "Shirley," Charlotte Brontë. "Loss and Gain," Cardinal Newman. "The Warthen," Anthony Trollope. "Barchester Towers," Anthony Trollope. "Red Pottage," Mary Cholmondeley. "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Paul's School in the hands not of priests, but of laymen, because (he tells us) he had observed that the latter were generally better men. A modern Collet, it is probable, would do the same; and the gulf between the two orders is not less, but greater, than in the sixteenth century. The law of celibacy to which the priest is subject cuts him off from family ties; the centralization of the hierarchical system withdraws him from community of sympathy and outlook with his fellow-citizens; in case of conflict his country is Rome. The history of the last seven years in France has shown how bitter is the choice, and how great the insolence with which it is put before him; but it has also shown that, in the last resort, it is made. It is not meant, of course, that the system has its complete effect in all cases. This is not so. Human nature is intolerant of system. But its tendency is to produce the results described. Of the other—civic, national, patriotic—"I dwell among mine own people" holds. A Vicar of Wakefield, a Parson Adams, an Archdeacon Grantly are through and through English. We have most of us come across them in country rectories and in cathedral closes; nowhere but in England are they to be found. No distinction of caste separates them from their fellows; they have been brought up—it was so at least till yesterday—at the same public schools and universities; they meet at quarter sessions, at the covert-side, and on the cricket-field. The English Church consists not of the clergy, but of the people of England; her ministers, though called and set apart by authority for their office, are not cut off either by training or tradition from other men. This is why neither clericalism nor anti-clericalism has taken root among us. The unpopular clergyman (and there are such) is disliked as a man—an employer, a neighbor, a magistrate—not as a priest.

The most characteristic English fiction depicts life, not romance; it is rather critical and descriptive than creative and inspired. Jane Austen is a typical English novelist; the execution is perfect, but the pitch, if not low, is at least level; the tendency rather to flatness than to overstrain. In such a fiction the clergy find a natural place. No strong passions gather round them; they inspire, as such, neither enthusiasm, nor hatred, nor fear. They are perhaps just a little uninteresting. "Parson 'e aint no good; but then parson 'e aint no 'arm," represents a common enough attitude of the flock to the pastor. It is not ideal. It might be, it often is, better; but it might also be, and it very seldom is, a great deal worse. The balance between their good and bad points is in their favor. Their charities—and they are given out of modest means—are great. The eighteenth century is not their heroic age; yet Goldsmith represents the Vicar of Wakefield as perfectly disinterested. "The profits of my living I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward." Nor are such cases rare. To-day there is a certain rise in the temperature: more religious rivalry, more theological controversy, more party spirit. The modern clergy are apt to fuss over trifles and to concentrate on the secondary—to be more zealous than discreet. But, even so, their virtues are many. They are accessible, kindly, easy to get on with—perhaps to impose upon; they form a link between class and class. When sickness and poverty come, when the helping hand and the sympathetic word are needed, the rectory seldom fails.

Miss Austen's clerics are worthy but dull. There is nothing distinctive in their dress or manners. In "North-

anger Abbey" Catherine, though she has danced with Henry Tilney, does not discover till later that he is in orders; in "Mansfield Park" Edmund Bertram, unexceptionable and, to tell the truth, prosy as are his sentiments, is the average younger son. In "Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice" Mr. Elton and Mr. Collins represent another type. They are not gentlemen; and both the vulgarity of the one and the absurdity of the other are fair game for the satire of which the writer had so quick a vein. The former gets mildly tipsy at the ball, and in this condition proposes to Miss Woodhouse; and the latter represents to the life the parasitic Levite: "it shall be my earnest endeavor to demean myself with grateful respect towards her ladyship, and to be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England." His mind is set on matrimony—in general rather than in particular: he is ready to marry, as the lawyer in Dean Ramsay's story swore, "at large." He prefaces his proposal to his cousin with a general statement of his views on the subject:

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right, thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice she has condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too) on this subject. 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly. Choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and, for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can; bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pride and Prejudice*.

Elizabeth, it will be remembered, did not profit by the occasion. But when Mr. Collins finally married Miss Lucas, Lady Catherine was better than her word. "Her behavior to my dear Charlotte is charming. We dine at Rosings twice every week, and are never allowed to walk home. Her ladyship's carriage is regularly ordered for us. I should say one of her ladyship's carriages, for she has several." The after-thought is an immortal touch.

Mr. Helstone and the curates, in "Shirley," enable us to understand rural Dissent. The rector has all the hardness which characterizes the Brontë Yorkshireman. We respect him; but it would never have occurred to anyone in trouble to have recourse to him: one would go a mile out of one's way to avoid him, were he in the flesh. This strange apostle had, in fact, missed his vocation.

He should have been a soldier, and circumstances had made him a priest. For the rest he was a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little old man; a man almost without sympathy; ungentle, prejudiced, and rigid; but a man true to principle—honorable, sagacious, and sincere.

He did not suffer fools gladly. See him as he invades the riotous symposium of the curates:

A personage short of stature, but straight of port, and bearing on broad shoulders a hawk's head, beak, and eye, the whole surmounted by a Rehoboam, or shovel-hat, which he did not seem to think it necessary to remove before the presence in which he then stood, he folded his arms on his chest, and surveyed his young friends—if friends they were—much at his leisure. There was a certain dignity in the little elderly gentleman's manner of rebuking these youths; though it was not, perhaps, quite the dignity most appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Helstone—standing straight as a ramrod—looking

keen as a kite, presented, despite his clerical hat, black coat, and gaiters, more the air of a veteran officer chiding his subalterns than of a venerable priest exhorting his sons in the faith. Gospel mildness, apostolic benignity, never seemed to have breathed their influence over that keen, brown visage, but firmness had fixed the features, and sagacity had carved her own lines about them.<sup>2</sup>

Donne, Sweeting, and Malone are several degrees lower than the rector; their sheer vapidity contrasts with his strength. The three are inseparable; but what attracts them it is difficult to say.

It is not friendship, for whenever they meet they quarrel. It is not religion; the thing is never named among them: theology they discuss occasionally, but plety—never. . . . While they supped they argued; not on politics, nor on philosophy, nor on literature—these topics were now, as ever, totally without interest for them—nor even on theology, practical or doctrinal; but on minute points of ecclesiastical discipline, frivolities which seemed empty as bubbles to all save themselves.

In "*Jane Eyre*" an even more unpleasant figure is Mr. Brocklehurst, the patron of the Lowood school; modelled, it is said, on a local Evangelical light. Miss Brontë was the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another, but it cannot be said that the clergy appear to advantage in her works.

That shifty and out-at-elbows divine Charles Honeyman might have been found in more than one of the proprietary chapels of his time. "It's my belief you'd rather lie than not," says the candid Mr. Bayham, with whose assistance he is run by the Hebrew financier who owns the wine vaults under the sanctuary. It was under this ingenious gentleman's auspices that the incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel

<sup>2</sup> Shirley.

developed the ceremonial tendencies which occasioned the indignant exit of Mrs. Hobson Newcome and her brood—"she had been as good as twenty-five pounds a year to him"—from the family pew. The basis of this revival of Church principles was financial, not theological: "the property's a paying one to the incumbent; Charles' affairs are getting on all right, sir." But if pew-rents moved the divine, principle inspired the lady:

Unskilled their artless transports to restrain,

The nymphs, dishevelled, quit the sacred fane.

The metamorphosis—which takes us back half a century—is thus described:

Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered, when as a boy he entered the sacred robing-room, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neck-cloth, and hung loose and straight on the back; the ephod was cut straight, and as close and short as may be,—I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front and curling delicately round his ears at the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began he stood with head on one side and two slim fingers on the book, as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. Labels of faint green and gold, with long Gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whittlesea's as the place was capable of assuming.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The Newcomes.



These were the beginnings. But Mrs. Newcome, it may be believed, saw coming events in their seemingly innocuous shadow. What would she have said of latter-day developments? Ritualism has advanced since then. In "Esmond" Father Holt and Dr. Tusher give us, respectively, the poetry of the Roman and the prose of the English Church. The Rector of Castlewood is of the earth earthy. To look at him is to have the key to George Fox and Bunyan. Religion, if it is not ideal, is nothing; and who could idealize the religion for which he stood? "It being this man's business to flatter and make sermons, it must be owned that he was most industrious in it, and was doing the one or the other all day long."

"Church! priesthood! fat living! My dear Tommy, do you call yours a Church and a priesthood? What is a fat living compared to converting a hundred thousand heathens by a single sermon? What is a scholarship at Trinity by the side of a crown of martyrdom, with angels awaiting you as soon as your head is taken off? Could your master at school sail on the Thames in his gown? Have you statues in your church that can bleed, speak, walk and cry? My good Tommy, in Father Holt's church these things take place every day. You know Saint Philip of the Willows appeared to Lord Castlewood, and caused him to turn to the one true church. No saints ever come to you."<sup>4</sup>

Yet the Tusher tribe, if less heroic, is less mischievous. Holt, a better man, was a worse citizen: the Tudor settlement of religion, with all its shortcomings, made a Holt impossible in the English Church. The type is not necessarily Catholic: it might have been found among Calvinists in France or Covenanters in Scotland. English romance finds other channels; south of the Tweed this particular plant does not grow.

<sup>4</sup> Esmond.

In our own time the position of an English clergyman is, loosely speaking, that of a gentleman; he has had what is called a liberal education; the order to which he belongs is a social force. This picture, however, is far from representing the facts of the post-Reformation Church as a whole. It was by slow degrees and from mixed motives that the Elizabethan clergy passed out of the fiery Protestantism of the exiles of Frankfort and Zurich to the decorous Anglicanism which made its appearance during the last years of the great Queen. The change was not an unmingled good. Having sent its Roman consort to the scaffold, the English nation, it has been said, proceeded to marry its deceased wife's sister. There is enough truth in the saying to give it point. When the pressure of persecution was removed, the sectional tendencies of the Reformation became active. Anglicanism, as such, had its origin in the struggle with Puritanism which for more than a hundred years distracted the English Church. This Church was Protestant—Laud gloried in the name—because Rome was a present danger; but it was also Anglican, because Puritan as well as Catholic fanaticism had to be restrained. With Anglicanism came an increasing reliance on State rather than popular support; the Church became the Church of a section of the nation, not of the nation as a whole. The official element was accentuated; the Anglican body became a Church Establishment rather than, in the religious sense of the word, a Church. This did not at first raise the social status of the clergy; a George Herbert was an exception in their ranks. It was the politico-religious reaction from the French Revolution which gave them as a class the prestige which is reflected in the literature of the period. They had always been a conservative force in politics; and, now that religion had become an

asset in the class struggle, the consideration enjoyed by its ministers was increased. The Corn Laws sent up agricultural rents and augmented tithe value; the Church became a career. Cobbett's invective brings out this feature of Hanoverian ecclesiasticism; readers of Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage" will remember Buckhurst Falconer and Bishop Clay. To these material advantages the Oxford Movement added inducements calculated to appeal to the imagination; a revived mediævalism attracted much of the zeal and enthusiasm of the younger men. The wave of reaction spent its first force in little more than a generation; Liberalism, in the shape of the school of "Essays and Reviews," came in. One result of the new current of ideas was that the supply of clergy fell off both in quantity and quality. Fewer honorem presented themselves for ordination. Other professions offered greater attractions; the difficulty of subscription was more acutely felt. The golden age of the English clergy, which had lasted through two movements, the Evangelical and the Tractarian, was over; a period of eclipse set in. The clergy of our own time come increasingly from the lower middle classes; a smaller proportion of them have passed through the Universities and public schools. The theological colleges, in which they receive a training, professional rather than liberal in character, have fallen, with few exceptions, into the hands of High Churchmen, and their spirit is reflected in their *alumni*; the danger of the Church of England is that it should become sectarian, and develop into an Anglican rather than the English Church. Were this to be so, were it to stand for Anglicanism as distinct from English Christianity, it would still suit Englishmen of a certain temperament, and remain the Church of a particular section of the community. But it would pay a heavy price for the

privilege, for it would cease to be, or to have any chance of becoming, the representative of English religion—the Church of the nation as a whole. "The Bishop of — thinks more of righteousness than of points of dogma," it was said to a dignitary of this type. "Yes," he replied; "the man is a Dissenter: he puts religion above the Church." No greater compliment perhaps has ever been paid to the Nonconformist Churches; but if this is to be a Dissenter, the prospects of the Established Church are small.

Anthony Trollope is, perhaps, pre-eminently the novelist of clerical life. The life which he describes is that of sixty years ago. Bishop Proudie and his more famous bishopess are Palmerstonian; the archdeacon and the clergy in general belong to an almost extinct variety of Churchmanship—the High and Dry. While he wrote, a new era was opening; it would be difficult to find a Barchester to-day. The old order had its merits: its representatives were more in touch with the old generation than their successors are with the new. The English Church reflects the religious consciousness of the English people. It is no reproach to her that this should be so. The Churches of the Reformation claim neither infallibility nor the right to a theocratic rule. That their teaching has been and is being revised by the Spirit working in the world and in mankind is their strength. Their ministers are not exempt from the frailties common to mortals, nor from the class and party bias to which the officers of a rich and powerful corporation are exposed. Their theological attainments are but moderate; their general education leaves much to be desired. But these Churches have in themselves the secret of recovery; their windows stand open to the rising sun. They have never denied the central truth, that the conscience of the community at large is to be trusted as

against that of any section of the community, spiritual or secular. To deny this is to be dead. For its denial arrests movement and cuts off the living stream.

The so-called "natural" religion of the eighteenth century was a reaction from the dogmatism of the Churches, Protestant as well as Catholic. The former had fallen under the tyranny of a literalism which covered, indeed, less ground than that of the latter, but was almost as intolerable; in intention, at least, the divines of Dort and of Westminster were as great a peril to freedom as those of Trent. The world fell back from them upon the Savoyard Vicar and Mr. Barlow of "Sandford and Merton"—a religion of feeling, benevolence and common sense. There are worse religions: nor, without these qualities, can the highest and most sincere religion stand. To this, when a stronger stimulant was required, Evangelicalism succeeded. The preaching of Wesley and Whitefield left its mark on the Establishment from which they had been driven: and—unworthy as the motive was—the Jacobin peril inclined men to beliefs which promised to play the part of a moral policeman and bolster up the existing order of things. "For God's sake," said Charles Austin, "don't touch the Church of England. It is the one thing that stands between us and Christianity." A sceptic in matters of dogma, Christianity, he saw, had consequences in the social as well as in the religious sphere. Latitudinarianism was at once too cold and too clear-sighted to be of service in this way. Its motive force was reason, not prejudice; it had little influence over the average man. The Evangelicals appealed to the inbred Puritanism of the people; and this appeal is seldom made in vain. But the English temperament is neither wholly nor permanently Puritan. This is why Presbyterianism failed to take root in this country: the

same elements which successfully resisted Puritanism in the seventeenth century combined in the nineteenth against the prickly pietism of the "Record," and formed on the one hand the Broad and on the other the High and Dry Church. It was in the latter that Trollope found the field for his descriptive powers—and no one could describe better. "The clergymen of the diocese of Barchester were all of the High and Dry Church."

Barchester is a cathedral city in the West of England, with an ancient and faded bishop, whose son, the redoubtable Archdeacon Grantley, rules the diocese in his father's name. One of the writer's most successful portraits is that of this ambitious and masterful, but very human man. That his battles—and he was ever a fighter—were concerned rather with the temporal than the spiritual side of the sanctuary was due to circumstances: he would have shown himself a stalwart champion of either; but it neither affected his sincerity nor cooled his zeal. When John Bold attacked the administration of Hiram's Hospital, he was wholehearted:

He did not believe in the Gospel with more assurance than he did in the sacred justice of ecclesiastical revenues. When he put his shoulder to the wheel to defend the income of the present and future precentors of Barchester, he was animated by as strong a sense of a holy cause as that which gives courage to a missionary in Africa, or enables a sister of mercy to give up the pleasures of the world for the wards of a hospital. He was about to defend the holy of holies from the touch of the profane; to guard the citadel of his church from the most rampant of its enemies; to put on his armor in the best of fights, and secure, if possible, the comforts of his creed for coming generations of ecclesiastical dignitaries. Such a work demanded no ordinary vigor; and the archdeacon was, therefore, extraordinarily vigorous; it demanded a buoyant courage and a heart

happy in its toll; and the archdeacon's heart was happy, and his courage was buoyant.<sup>5</sup>

"The Warden," the first of the Barchester series, is remarkable for its once-famous caricatures of Carlyle (Dr. Pessimus Anticant) and Charles Dickens (Mr. Popular Sentiment); as well as for the slighter sketches of three prominent bishops of the time—Charles James Blomfield, Henry Phillpotts, and Samuel Wilberforce. The features of these prelates are reproduced in Dr. Grantly's sons:

Charles James, though he always looked as if there was something in him, never seemed to have much to say; and what he did say he would always unsay the next minute. He told me once that he considered cricket, on the whole, to be a gentleman-like game for boys, provided they would play without running about; and that fives, also, was a seemly game, so that those who played it never heated themselves. His fault, if he had one, was an over-attention to words instead of things: there was a thought too much *finesse* about him, and, as even his father sometimes told him, he was too fond of a compromise.

Henry was a most courageous lad, game to the backbone. The ring was the only element in which he seemed to enjoy himself; and, while other boys were happy in the number of their friends, he rejoiced most in the multitude of his foes. He had been sent into Devonshire, where however his father's friends did not appreciate his talents, and sad accounts were sent home of the perversity of his nature. His relations could not but admire his pluck; but they were sometimes forced to regret that he was inclined to be a bully. Other boys would fight while they had a leg to stand on, but he would fight with no leg at all.

But perhaps Samuel was the general favorite; and dear little Soapy, as he was called, was as engaging a child as ever fond mother petted. His brothers, however, were not particularly

<sup>5</sup> The Warden.

fond of him: they would complain that Soapy's civility meant something, and feared that as he grew up he would have more weight in the house than either of them; there was, therefore, a sort of agreement among them to put young Soapy down. This, however, was not so easy to be done. Samuel, though young, was sharp. He could not assume the stiff decorum of Charles James, nor could he fight like Henry. But he was a perfect master of his own weapons, and contrived, in spite of both of them, to hold the place which he had assumed. . . . For half an hour or so I certainly did like his gentle speeches. But one gets tired of honey, and I found that he preferred the more admiring listeners whom he met in the kitchen-garden and back precincts of the establishment. Besides, I think I once caught Sammy fibbing.<sup>6</sup>

The book describes the agitation which drove the sensitive Mr. Harding, much to the archdeacon's wrath, to resign the wardenship and subside into the rectory of St. Cuthbert's, where—the detail marks how far we have travelled—"he performed afternoon service every Sunday, and administered the Sacrament once in every three months." Barchester Towers takes up the narrative at the death of the old bishop and the advent of the new. Dr. Proudle was, as has been said, a Palmerstonian prelate. The age of the Greek-play bishops was over. There have been worse bishops; and a knowledge of Greek is not in itself a disqualification for the episcopate. But reform was in the air, and scholarship at a discount: a certain show of professional assiduity was expected from aspirants to lawn sleeves. Lord Shaftesbury had the credit of administering the patronage of the somewhat Gallo-like Prime Minister; but Dr. Proudle, though leaning to the Low Church and holding the High in abhorrence, had sympathies which would have recommended him to the latter. He was "one of those

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

who early in life adapted himself to the views held by the Whigs on most theological and religious subjects. He bore with the idolatry of Rome, tolerated even the infidelity of Socinianism, and was hand in glove with the Presbyterian Synods of Scotland and Ulster." He had made himself useful to the Government on various boards and committees; moreover, he was the nephew of an Irish, and his wife the niece of a Scotch peer. Given his time, such a man was marked out for a mitre. *Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset.* But Mrs. Proudie was his thorn in the flesh.

The celibacy of the clergy is "a fond thing, vainly invented." But for the celibacy of those who hold high office, whether in Church or State, there is much to be said. For such office carries with it patronage; and in questions of patronage, civil, military or ecclesiastical, feminine influence is mischievous. It is true that an unmarried man, as such, is not exempt from such influences; but it is certain that a married man, as such, is exposed to them: a high authority reminds us that "he that is married careth how he may please his wife."

It is not my intention to breathe a word against the character of Mrs. Proudie; but still I cannot think that, with all her virtues, she adds much to her husband's happiness. The truth is that in matters domestic she rules supreme over her titular lord, and rules with a rod of iron. Nor is this all. Things domestic Dr. Proudie might have abandoned to her, if not voluntarily, yet willingly. But Mrs. Proudie is not satisfied with such home domination, and will not even abstain from things spiritual. In fact the bishop is hen-pecked.<sup>7</sup>

She had no mind "to keep silence in the churches." The Higher Criticism was, as yet, below the horizon, and

<sup>7</sup> Barchester Towers.

Mrs. Proudie was orthodox: in a later generation she might not improbably have denounced the Orientalism of St. Paul's views on this and kindred points. A Hildebrand in petticoats, she wrested the crozier from her husband's feeble hands. Deborah was her model; though, unlike that mother in Israel, she tolerated no divided sovereignty, and bore no Barak near her throne. "We will have, at any rate in our cathedral, a decent, godly, modest morning service. There must be no more play-acting here now," was her comment on the ceremonial customary "in quires and places where they sing." Convinced, reluctantly, that the chapter and the cathedral were beyond her jurisdiction, she exercised a more than pontifical control over the diocesan clergy. She was present at, and no silent spectator of, their official interview with the bishop; she distributed his patronage, directed his movements, and proved herself the predominant partner in his affairs. We suspect—such things have been—that on the greater festivals she sat beside him on his throne. It was John Knox who wrote on the "Monstrous Regiment of Women." If the diocese of Barchester was not to be subjugated to it, exceptional powers of resistance were required. How these powers were, in the last resort, exercised; how the lady bishop, having routed Mr. Slope, and fought what must be described as a drawn battle with the archdeacon, came into conflict with Dr. Tempest and Mr. Crawley; how this conflict ended in her defeat and untimely demise—for these events the reader is referred to the series of novels which closes with the "Last Chronicle of Barset." He will not regret the time given to them. They are, what too many modern novels are not, easy reading; as stories they are excellent; the characters reappear in each of them; we feel Mrs. Proudie's death like that of an old friend. And the



writer had that kindly touch without which successful work on such lines as his is impossible; he caught, as few have caught, the charm of these homes of ancient peace which adorn—long may they continue to adorn it!—this historic English land.

We believe that Mr. Horsman himself would relent, and the spirit of Sir Benjamin Hall give way, were these great reformers to allow themselves to stroll by moonlight round the towers of some of our ancient churches. Who would not feel charity for a prebendary, when walking the quiet length of that long aisle at Winchester, looking at those decent houses, that trim grass plat, and feeling as one must the solemn orderly comfort of the spot! Who could be hard upon a dean while wandering round the sweet close of Hereford, and owning that in that precluct tone and color, design and form, solemn tower and storied window are all in unison and all perfect! Who could lie basking in the cloisters of Salisbury, and gaze on Jewel's library and that unequalled spire, without feeling that bishops should sometimes be rich!

The tone of the archdeacon's mind must not astonish us; it has been the growth of centuries of church ascendancy. And though some fungi now disfigure the tree, though there be much dead wood, for how much good fruit have we not to be thankful! Who without remorse can batter down the dead branches of an old oak, now useless, but ah! still so beautiful, or drag out the fragments of the ancient forest without feeling that they sheltered the younger plants to which they are now summoned to give way in a tone so peremptory and so harsh?"

Polemical as is its aim and setting, Cardinal Newman's "Loss and Gain" depicts the Oxford of the Tract Movement to the life. He was a satirist, and the time was one that lent itself to satire: Bateman and Vincent, Freeman, Jennings, and the Principal are at once portraits and caricatures. English-

<sup>a</sup> The Warden.

men are not seen at their best in religious controversy: what strikes us as we look back is the contrast between the pettiness of the issues and the passion with which they were discussed. There were ideas below the surface commotion—there can be no commotion without them; but they were not easily detected. Bunsen, coming to England at the height of the controversy, found to his amazement the Church distracted over questions which had nothing to do with religion—rubrics, intoning, the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and the like. Never, surely, did the symbol so obscure the thing symbolized. The waste of energy was incalculable: Oxford, Pattison tells us, turned from the studies proper to a University; history became antiquarianism, logic eristic, theology an erudite rearrangement of the lumber-rooms of the past. "Don't be original," was Keble's exhortation to R. H. Froude: the movement, like Lot's wife, looked back. It throve, as reactions do, on the shortcomings of its rivals; the Evangelicalism of the time was narrow, the latitudinarianism thin. But reform must start from the standpoint of the present; to fall back upon the past is to find oneself in a blind alley. The radical defect of Tractarianism was that it was never for a moment in touch with the actual. It lived on sentiment, not reason; on words, not things. The consequence was that as knowledge advanced it retreated. By the time a generation had passed, the best men in Oxford stood aloof from it. The exceptions were men of complex personality, in whom the mediæval and the modern were at war. Such men have often a singular charm: they lead forlorn hopes and champion lost causes. But, though the light of romance falls upon them, the world is making its way to a larger, loftier romance than theirs. In Newman's view, two things in the English Church were fatal to it—its



latitudinarianism, and what has been called its "quiet worldliness." Of the former Dr. Brownside (Bishop Hampden) is representative.

He was a little, prim, smirking, bespectacled man, bald in front with curly black hair behind, somewhat pompous in his manner, with a clear musical utterance which enabled one to listen to him without effort. As a divine, he never seemed to have had any difficulty on any subject; he was so clear or so shallow that he saw to the bottom of all his thoughts. Revelation to him, instead of being the abyss of God's counsels, with its dim outlines and broad shadows, was a flat, sunny plain, laid out with straight macadamized roads.

... He concluded with one word in favor of Nestorius, two for Abelard, three for Luther, "that great mind," as he worded it, "who saw that churches, creeds, rites, persons, were nought in religion, and that the inward spirit, *faith*, was all in all; and with a hint that nothing would go well in the University till this great principle was so far admitted as to lead its members—not indeed to give up their own distinctive formularies; no—but to consider the direct contradictories of them equally pleasing to the Divine Author of Christianity."

It is a question of knowledge as against tradition. What would Newman have said had he lived to see the first Catholic historian of our own time vindicating the memory of Nestorius; arguing that his teaching was essentially that of Flavian and Theodoret, the orthodoxy of which was acknowledged by the Council of Chalcedon; that it was the outcome of the historical school of Antioch, and in substantial agreement with Leo the Great?"

The ascetic idea possessed him: clerical domesticity was to him what a red rag is to a bull.

Looking round, he saw a familiar face. It was that of a young clergyman, with a pretty girl on his arm,

<sup>9</sup> Lo's and Gain.  
<sup>10</sup> L. Duchesne, "*Histoire ancienne de l'Eglise*," p. 111.

whom her dress pronounced to be a bride. Love was in their eyes, joy in their voice, and affluence in their gait and bearing. Charles had a faintish feeling come over him; somewhat such as might beset a man on hearing a call for pork-chops when he was sea-sick."

Here, as before, knowledge corrects preconception. Mr. H. C. Lea's monumental "*History of Sacerdotal Celibacy*" gives a documented picture of the opposite system. "It is better to marry than to burn."

Vincent, the college tutor, is infinitely drawn. Over and above his academic powers,

he preached a good sermon, read prayers with unction, and in his conversation sometimes had even a touch of evangelical spirituality. The young men even declared they could tell how much port he had taken in Common-room by the devoutness of his responses in evening chapel; and it was on record that once, during the Confession, he had, in the heat of his contrition, shoved over the huge velvet cushion in which his elbows were imbedded upon the heads of the gentlemen commoners who sat under him.

He practised a modified asceticism.

"Watkins, I almost think to-day is one of the Fasts of the Church. Go and look, Watkins, and bring me word." The astonished manciple, who had never been sent on such a commission in his whole career before, hastened out of the room, to task his wits how best to fulfil it. He returned sooner than could be expected. He said that Mr. Vincent was right; to-day he had found was "the feast of the Apostles."

"The Vigil of St. Peter, you mean, Watkins," said Mr. Vincent; "I thought so. Then let us have a plain beef-steak and a saddle of mutton: no Portugal onions, Watkins, or currant jelly; and some simple pudding, Charlotte-pudding, Watkins—that will do."

Many of the characters are portraits—Reding being modelled on the author,

Vincent of Jelf, Campbell on J. B. Mozley, Carlton on R. W. Church. The argument is vitiated by the fact that throughout literature is taken for dogma, and truth of idea for truth of proposition; the latter being then used as a premiss on which to raise a superstructure of abstract reasoning out of all relation to concrete fact. But in literary power it is second to few of Newman's writings; and as a document, a portrait of the mind of his generation—though Mark Pattison's "Memoirs" should be read with it as a corrective—it stands high.

"Red Pottage" is a book to be read by candidates for Orders. Examining chaplains would do well to set papers on it; it should be discussed at Church Congresses and in Clergy Retreats. More than one aggrieved parishioner has recognized his pastor in its pages, and (it is said) congratulated the writer on the exactness of the sketch. We have not changed Barchester for the better. The Bishop of Southminster is certainly very much better than Archdeacon Grantly, but Mr. Gresley is a great deal worse—and he is the commoner of the two. He was described by an old schoolfellow as "a bad egg"; and this would be the verdict passed on him by the average man, whose judgment in such matters is, as a rule, accurate. He had never been at a public school; he was a man whom men would have instinctively avoided; he lived among second-rate women whom his thin unction edified and on whom his dictatorial temper imposed. Vain, ignorant, and narrow-minded, he saw himself and his small surroundings out of focus; his wife and his parish were his world. He had what from one point of view is the greatest advantage, from another the greatest disadvantage, that can be possessed by a religious teacher—he was absolutely untroubled by doubt. He dogmatized on every

subject under, and in, heaven; he never thought—he always knew.

He was wont to approach every subject by the preliminary statement that he had "threshed it out." This threshing out had been so thorough that there was hardly a subject, even of the knottiest description, which he was unable to dismiss in a few pregnant words. "Evolution! Ha! ha! Descended from an ape. I don't believe that for one." While women's rights received their death-blow from a jocose allusion to the woman following the plough, while the man sat at home and rocked the cradle.<sup>12</sup>

He was a standing argument for Disestablishment. "I wish Gresley would not call the Dissenters worms. They are some of my best tenants, and they won't like it when they hear of it," says the Squire.

They did not.

Mr. Gresley looked worn and harassed, for since luncheon he had received what he called "a perfectly unaccountable letter" from one of his principal parishioners, a Dissenter, who had been present at the morning service, and who Mr. Gresley had confidently hoped might have been struck by his sermon. This hope had been justified, but not in the manner Mr. Gresley had expected. Mr. Walsh opined in a large round hand that, as worms (twice under dashed) did not usually pay voluntary church and school rates, he no longer felt himself under an obligation to do so, etc. etc. The letter was a great and unexpected blow.<sup>13</sup>

But there was one on whom his eloquence was not wasted.

"James is simply surpassing himself," said Mrs. Gresley to herself. "Worms! What a splendid comparison! The Churchman the full-grown man after the stature of Christ, and the Dissenter invertebrate (I think dear James means inebriate) like a worm cleaving the earth. But possibly God in his mercy may let them slip in by a back door to heaven! How striking! What a lesson to the bishop, if only he were here. He is so lax about Dissent. as

<sup>12</sup> Red Pottage. <sup>13</sup> Ibid.

if right and wrong were mere matters of opinion."

The burning of the MSS. of "Husks" was in character. It needed all Dick Vernon's force of language to penetrate his cousin's hidebound self-esteem. "When I left him, he understood, I don't say entirely, but he had a distant glimmering." It is to be feared that it was transient. "'My love,' said Mr. Gresley, 'I have forgiven him. I have put from my mind all that he said, for I am convinced that he was under the influence of drink at the time.'"

With him we may compare Mrs. Barnes—the clergywoman must not be forgotten—in "*Mademoiselle Ixe*":

"It appears she had no religious principle."

"No religious principle?"

"None. I told you that foreign Protestants rarely had; but this is one of the worst cases I ever heard of. She went to the English Church with the Paynes, but they learned by accident that a few months before, when she happened to be teaching Roman Catholic pupils, she always accompanied them to mass. Before that she attended the Italian Protestant Temple with some Protestant ladies. In fact she went wherever her pupils happened to go at the time she was with them; and on one occasion," said Mrs. Barnes, sinking her voice to a tragic depth, "she took part in a Unitarian prayer meeting."

"I'm sure there must be some mistake. My sister is so very particular; and *Mademoiselle Ixe* seems in every way such a very excellent person; so kind to the children and so obliging and unselfish."

"But, my dear Mrs. Merrington, what on earth has all that got to do with religion?"<sup>14</sup>

The liberal movement in the Church has not, so far, been either frequently or fully treated in fiction. Its principal exponent is Mrs. Humphrey Ward, whose "*Robert Elsmere*" had the good

fortune to attract the notice of a theologically-minded Prime Minister and so to catch the public ear. An individual at variance with a community or corporation seldom shows to advantage. Whatever the merits of his case, he is overborne by the prestige of a great society, and any faults of temper or discretion of which he may be guilty come out in strong relief. Luther is coarse, Calvin sour, Knox fanatical. It is true. The graces of life are with the established order—with a Charles V., a Francis I., a Queen Mary; with Renaissance cardinals and Medicean Popes. So, to come nearer home, Stratford is more picturesque than Hampden; Laud than Prynne, cropped and earless; Charles I. than Cromwell. But the course of history is determined by other than æsthetic considerations: there is a sense in which the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong. The progress of each, however, is spiral. A generation or two ago liberal, or as it was then called Broad, Churchmanship enjoyed a certain vogue. It had been won, indeed, at the sword's point: the *vis inertiae* of ecclesiasticism leaned, as ever, the other way. But the sympathies of the Court were German; the names of such scholars as Thirlwall and Milman were living; Jowett at Oxford and Stanley at Westminster stood for the larger air. Now average opinion is in the trough of the wave. On the higher levels there is no reaction; but on the lower the average temper in life and in religion is material. This means a development of the external side of each—of secular luxury and ecclesiastical display. Both are symptoms of disease. Oriental cults came in when the Empire was decadent; from the first superstition has gone hand in hand with luxury of life. Like politics in America, ideas are at a discount. Men of affairs are frankly not interested in them: in dealing, in particular, with Church inter-

<sup>14</sup> Red Pottage. <sup>15</sup> *Mademoiselle Ixe*.

ests—legislation, patronage, marriage, education, the mixed questions which lie between the secular and the spiritual—the policy of successive Governments, Liberal as well as Conservative, is to follow the line of least resistance. In the long run such questions settle themselves; and meantime Governments must live. In itself the increasing clericalizing of the Church is a misfortune; but it is ill fighting with priests and women: "Ephraim is joined unto idols: let him alone." It is not unnatural that this line should be taken. When important business is on hand no Minister cares to raise side-issues; he cannot afford to excite opposition without necessity, or to alienate support which might have been secured. The Established Church, though not so active a force in politics as the Nonconformist Churches, is more massive. It is not so easily moved; but, when moved, its weight is greater. No Government would willingly come into conflict with it; and it must be remembered that the High Anglicans (though a minority in the Church, and much more in the country) have effectually captured the ecclesiastical machine. Nor is this as widely resented as one might have thought. The militant Protestantism of the last generation has succumbed to a not wholly undeserved ridicule; little general interest is taken in Church controversies or affairs. And to many the liberal Churchman seems to halt between two opinions—like the Church of Laodicea, to be neither hot nor cold. Either his judgment or his sincerity is defective. He does not see the incompatibility of the positions; or, seeing it, he disregards it—on practical, not necessarily personal, grounds.

This is the point of view from which "Robert Elsmere" is written. Elsmere—it is a case of not unfrequent occurrence—had passed through Oxford without a suspicion of the bearing of his reading on the problems of to-day.

"I have never had any difficulties. Perhaps it was because I have never gone deep enough. What I believe might have been worth more if I had had more struggle: but it all seemed so plain." A simple faith is natural and becoming in simple people; in those whose temperament and life is complex it is a doubtful boon. Elsmere ought, we feel, in the nature of things to have come across his difficulties earlier: the opsmath has been the dupe and is the prisoner of his past. A question, obvious in itself, but far-reaching, comes to him like a bolt from the blue.

"There is one thing that doesn't seem to have touched you yet. But you will come to it. To my mind it makes almost the chief interest of history. It is just this. History depends on *testimony*. What is the nature and the value of testimony at given times? In other words, did the man of the third century understand or report or interpret facts in the same way as the man of the sixteenth or the nineteenth? And, if not, what are the differences? And what are the deductions to be made from them, if any?"

"I see your point. It is enormously important, I grant—enormously."

"I should think it is," said Langham to himself: "the whole of orthodox Christianity is in it, for instance."<sup>10</sup>

The process of thought thus started could have but one end. It was directed, on one hand, by the formidable squire of Murewell, and on the other by the famous Oxford tutor Henry Grey—Mark Pattison and Thomas Hill Green respectively: the former an embodiment of "that absorbing and overgrown life of the intellect, which blights the heart and chills the senses"; the other a teacher to whom many a Balliol man of his generation owes his soul. There are questions which, once raised—and the how and where of their raising are beyond our control—admit of only one solution. If there is one conclusion indicated by the facts as known to us, it

<sup>10</sup> Robert Elsmere.

is that the static conception of Christianity has broken down. The Modernist controversy in the Roman Church—a Church which presents writ large the problems of lesser Churches—has placed this beyond question. What leads people—some of whom should know better—to misread and misstate the position is the suspicion that it is fatal to more than Rome. It is so. Rome is the necessary outcome of the conception of religion in question; and when Rome is shown to be impossible the whole conception is involved in its fall. It shows perhaps how far Modernism has taken us that Elsmere's perplexities—"the Pentateuch, the Prophets, the relation of the New Testament to the thoughts and beliefs of its time, the Gospel of St. John, the evidence as to the Resurrection, the intellectual and moral conditions surrounding the formation of the Canon"—seem to us neither very new nor very formidable. They must have occurred to every moderately well-informed man who cannot or will not shut off his mind into watertight compartments; and they have been solved by the simple process of stepping out of the magic circle—the impossibility of doing so being imaginary, not real. The value—and it is a very great value—of Mrs. Ward's book is the emphasis laid on this solution: on the compatibility of religion with truth, be this what it may, and its incompatibility with falsehood. It is the idea, not its form, that is essential.

God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible.

Such honor rooted in dishonor stands; such faith unfaithful makes us falsely true.

God is for ever reason; and His communication, His revelation, is reason.<sup>17</sup>

And when the dying Grey is asked—"Thou'rt not doubting the Lord's good-

ness, Henry?" "No," he answers; "no, never. Only it seems to be His Will we should be certain of nothing—but Himself."<sup>18</sup>

To him who has once been a Christian of the old sort, the parting with the Christian mythology means parting with half the confidence, half the joy of life. But take heart. It is the education of God. Do not imagine it will put you farther from Him! He is in criticism, in science, in doubt, so long as the doubt is a pure and honest doubt. He is in all life, in all thought. The thought of man, as it has shaped itself, in institutions, in philosophies, in science, in patient critical work, or in the life of charity, is the one continuous revelation of God! Look for Him in it all: see how, little by little, the Divine indwelling force, using as its tools—but merely as its tools—man's physical appetites and conditions, has built up conscience and the moral life: think how every faculty of the mind has been trained in turn to take its part in the great work of faith upon the visible world. Love and imagination built up religion,—shall reason destroy it? No!—reason is God's, like the rest. The leading-strings of the part are dropping from you; they are dropping from the world, not wantonly or by chance, but in the Providence of God. Learn the lesson of your own pain—learn to seek God not in any single event of past history, *but in your own soul*—in the constant verification of experience, in the life of Christian love.<sup>19</sup>

The argument on the ethics of conformity is less convincing.

"And so you feel you must give up your living?"

"What else is there to do?"

"Well, of course, you know that there are many men, men with whom both you and I are acquainted, who hold very much what I imagine your opinions now are, or will settle into, who are still in the Church of England, doing admirable work there!"

"I know," said Elsmere quickly—"I

<sup>17</sup> Ibid.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid.

<sup>19</sup> Robert Elsmere.

know: I cannot conceive it, nor could you. Imagine standing up Sunday after Sunday to say the things which you do not believe—using words as a convention which those who hear you receive as a literal truth, and trusting the maintenance of your position either to your neighbor's forbearance or to your own powers of evasion! With the ideas at present in my head, nothing would induce me to preach another Easter Day sermon to a congregation that have both a moral and a legal right to demand from me an implicit belief in the material miracle."

"Yes," said the other gravely—"Yes, I believe you are right. It can't be said that the Broad Church movement has helped us much! How greatly it promised!—how little it has performed! For the private person, the worshipper, it is different, or I think so. No man pries into our prayers; and to cut ourselves off from common worship is to lose that fellowship which is in itself a witness and vehicle of God."

But his tone had grown hesitating and touched with melancholy.<sup>20</sup>

This position seems to us as fallacious as that, so effectively refuted by the writer, which makes the idea stand or fall with its formula. In neither case are the two things, thought and expression, *in pari materia*. The problem of subscription is not an easy one: in the case of individuals it must be one of circumstance and degree. But the lines on which it is being solved are clear. An historical formula must be historically interpreted. It is only, for instance, by such an interpretation that in the Church of England the soundest divine can subscribe to Articles XIII. and XVIII. In both the English and the Scottish Churches the terms of subscription have been relaxed by Parliament; if average theological opinion is behind scientific, the reason is not that the latter is excluded by the standards, but that so far it has not penetrated the general mind. It is still in the stage of expert, as distinct from that of

<sup>20</sup> Robert Elsmere.

common knowledge; we must wait. The Roman Church occupies other ground. The last word rests with the Pope; and, when he has spoken, the cause, *ex hypothesi*, is at an end. But the Reformed Churches, by taking their stand on Scripture, have secured the open door. For no Scripture is of private interpretation. The construction placed upon the Bible by the sixteenth century is not final; the maxim of the canonists, *Communes opiniones nascuntur et moriuntur*, holds good beyond canon law. The fauna and flora of a district are modified by a change in its climate; the dogmatic standpoint of the Middle Ages is rather unintelligible to us than untrue. How many controversies are matter not of opinion, but of knowledge! If, e.g., the notion of miracle is relative—and any other is meaningless—the question of the miraculous becomes one of words. While, with regard to what are called dogmatic facts, the certainty of faith rests on another ground than the contingent. Are the Pauline "death unto sin" and "new birth unto righteousness" (it is asked) "necessarily dependent upon certain alleged historical events? Or are they not primarily, and were they not even in the mind of St. Paul, perpetually re-enacted in the soul of man, and constituting the veritable revelation of God?"<sup>21</sup>

That the position of a liberal Churchman, and in particular of a liberal clergyman, has its difficulties, is true. The school to which he belongs is a minority; and a minority, as such, is at a disadvantage. But a man should be able to play a losing game. To be out of touch with the official or even the average opinion of the community, secular or religious, in which we find ourselves, is a poor reason for leaving it: not so are causes advanced or successes won. A policy of despair helps no one: it leaves society a prey to its

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*



worst elements; it isolates those who adopt it and leaves them powerless for good. The harmony at which we aim will not be reached in our time. But a generation is a small thing in history; it is the politician, not the statesman, who looks only to to-day. In religion, above all, short views are fatal. Here, as elsewhere, life is movement; but the movement is slow. It is inevitable that we should chafe at this; but the world moves none the quicker for our chafing; history and human nature must be viewed as wholes. One of the subtlest thinkers of our generation warns us against

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run-away solutions and spurious simplifications that would force a premature synthesis by leaving out all the intractable difficulties of the problem; that prefer a cheap logicity to the clash and confusion through which the imminent reason of the world works order out of the warring elements of a rich and fruitful chaos. The new must be made out of the old, must retain and transcend all its values.<sup>22</sup>

Many and conflicting are the elements that strive in the womb of humanity; the process of gestation is long. But it is by way of assimilation that delivery comes.

<sup>22</sup> George Tyrrell, "Medievalism," p. 186.

## LEOPOLD II. AND ALBERT I.

### THE NEW ERA IN BELGIUM.

Almost a year has now elapsed since the accession of King Albert to the Belgian throne, and from what the new ruler has already accomplished, both materially and morally, in his country, and for his country, it is now possible, and perhaps interesting, to make a survey, and further, to draw an object lesson.

In an article which this Review published in January last, a week after the formal ceremony of accession which took place, according to the Belgian Constitution before the assembled representatives of all the vital forces of the country, the writer of these lines ventured to make what seemed then a somewhat risky and doubtful prediction on what the reign of Leopold II.'s successor should be—and would be: "A reign of goodwill and labor." The prophecy seems to have been entirely realized, and what seems most auspicious to the Belgians, is that from the first days of his reign the new King has, with considerable courage, begun this arduous and ungrateful task of making a total and clean sweep of all

the abuse and scandal which had stained the last years of Leopold II.'s reign. To say the least, King Albert has handled this difficult work with more than ordinary tact, combined with singularly effective energy. He has dealt with the various problems with which he was confronted with a steel hand dressed in a silk glove, thus successfully combining the two principal portions of the task, namely, to make sweeping changes in the corrupt administration which depended directly on the Crown and to avoid giving the memory of his immediate predecessor too open an affront.

To realize the grave difficulties with which the royal task was beset, one must remember what the last years of the reign of Leopold II. had been and to what extent this extraordinary ruler, whose character had some fine parts and many striking weaknesses (to say the least) had embarrassed the government of his country and even imperilled the actual existence of the Belgian monarchy.

What was the condition of Belgium

in 1909? From a foreign standpoint, one saw nothing but clouds. The relations, for instance, between the London and Brussels Courts had been well-nigh severed, as a result of the Congo scandals and of the energetic and timely protests the former avowed policy of crime, murder and plunder had elicited in Great Britain; furthermore, the tone of official communications between the two countries had become anything but friendly.

On the other hand, the official relations between Berlin and Brussels were not much warmer than the Anglo-Belgian ones. The visit King Leopold had paid to the Imperial family in 1904 had never been returned and (so the story goes) the Kaiserin had even flatly refused to appear at the dinners, receptions and other functions which had been organized in Berlin to welcome the Belgian ruler, her Majesty's reasons for this extreme course being Leopold II.'s private life, and more especially his conduct towards his late consort. This incident, which was only revealed several years later, caused a great sensation in Belgium, and one cannot help reminding, when recalling it, that the young Queen of the Netherlands, who was often approached with the view of inducing her to visit Brussels, persistently refused on somewhat similar grounds to those which had led the German Empress to act so stringently towards the late Belgian King. In a nutshell all European countries with which Belgium comes into social or political contact—save the French Republic—looked at Belgium's "grand old man" with distrust and anger, and the Belgians, as a nation, suffered singularly from this state of things.

At home the position of the Crown was also far from promising. King Leopold, who was above all an ambitious, selfish autocrat, neglected nothing—involuntarily, perhaps—to render inevitable the fall of the monarchy and

the coming of a new political régime. Under his reign, and more especially in the ten last years of his reign, the "prestige" of royalty decreased apace, and was ultimately reduced, in fact, to very little. His universally known family troubles, his inhuman cruelty to his wife and to his eldest daughters, his lack of tenderness towards his youngest child, Princess Clementine, to whom he refused his consent to her marriage with Prince Victor Napoleon; his dangerously unconstitutional handling of the Congo affairs, his contempt for the Belgian Constitution, his evident dislike for family life, his continual absence from Belgium, and above all his marriage *in extremis* with Baroness Vaughan; all this had done a good deal to advance the hitherto very weak anti-dynastic and republican movement in Belgium to such an extent even that the well-known Labor leader, Mr. Emile Vandervelde, could remark once in the Chamber of Representatives: "The man who has done the best work for the cause of Republicanism in this country is the King." This is so true that even the staunchest admirers of Leopold II. admit that, had he lived ten years longer, Belgium would have ceased to be a Kingdom.

Such was Belgium at the death of Leopold II. Distrust, enmity and anger were the sentiments with which the late King was favored everywhere, at home and abroad, and one can now say it quite openly, the material prospects of the Belgian nation were far from rosy at the time. The late ruler had saddled his country with an enormous expenditure. Millions were to be spent in the Congo Colony in view of a harvest which would not be reaped for many years to come; millions were to be spent in magnificent but useless public works, in Brussels, in Antwerp, in Ostend. Millions, again, were to be spent on the creation of a Belgian commercial navy, and so on. All these un-

dertakings—some of which were mere hobbies—had been ordered by Leopold II., and so strong was his personality, and so weak were his Ministers, that every royal request was at once complied with. The Chambers, of course, resisted several of these, and opposed some of them which were rightly regarded as pure follies. Still, Leopold II., who was a man of incomparable firmness of purpose, nearly always succeeded in having his own way, and had he lived, these millions would have been spent, despite the people's very obvious discontent.

Above all, what was at once remarkable in the relations between the Belgian people and the Crown, was that there seemed to be—and there actually was—a thick "wall" between the two parties. This "wall" grew thicker as time went on, and at the end of 1909 it was such that one may well say that both parties had a life and an activity quite independent from one another on each side of it. Leopold II., on his side, was little concerned with what happened in Belgium; he was always away, in France chiefly, or in some German watering-place. He purposely missed every opportunity of becoming popular, never being present, for instance, when a catastrophe or some national calamity had befallen his country. In some conspicuous instances he did as much as to send a telegram, but the telegram was always written with conspicuous stiffness and always had a foreign stamp on it. When in Belgium, Leopold was never seen in Brussels; he lived in Laeken in complete solitude. And when some important duty compelled him to be in the Royal palace, he rushed there in his automobile, and left at the same speed as he had come. Nobody was allowed a glance at the "great old man." Once, in 1908, his absence from home had been so prolonged that a Minister was despatched by the Premier to advise

his Majesty to return to Brussels. In fact, the papers first, and then public opinion, had begun to be concerned about the King's conduct. Rumors of abdication had even been spread, which had received no contradiction, and, above all, no "sentimental" contradiction, this showing well that the majority of the Belgians were prepared to view the proposed abdication with little discontent. Leopold II. had too deep a sense of realities to disregard the Ministerial request. He returned at once, and during two days he drove alone in his "gala coach," with footmen and equerries near by, amidst the streets of Brussels. There was not a cry, not a word of greeting, not one cheer, nothing but the cold silence which greets an utter stranger's call. I seldom witnessed a more melancholy sight. On that day Leopold II. must have felt that his popularity had gone for ever. But as he was a man of business who saved time and never allowed sentiment to get the better of him, he did nothing to try and secure it anew. Having shown himself in the streets of Brussels, he deemed that he had done his "duty," and the next day he left for Paris, whence his private cares called him.

On the other side of the "wall" opposite the King, or, as one used to say in Brussels, opposite the "Palace," was the people, the backbone of the nation, who transferred the sympathy which Leopold II. had despised, or of which he had actually shown himself unworthy, to Prince Albert and to his charming consort, Princess Elisabeth. All the hopes of the Belgians were centred on this young couple, and had they not realized that King Leopold would be succeeded by a prince whose qualities so strongly and so justly appealed to them, there is little doubt but that Leopold II. would have been the last of Belgian Kings. This is a fact, and few people, outside Belgium, realize it.

But Prince Albert, since the day he was selected by fate to ascend the Belgian throne, had given clear intimation of what he would be as a King; he had displayed so much interest in, so much firmness and so much kindness towards the people, in the somewhat strict limits the Belgian Constitution permits an heir-apparent, he had shown such a modern and clever conception of his rights and duties that the Belgians waited confidently for better days. Four months before his accession Prince Albert was given an opportunity of noticing that he had already won the hearts of his future subjects. On August 16, 1909, he landed in Antwerp, returning from a long cross-Congo trip; on that day the people of the Belgian metropolis, and the people of the Belgian capital, too, gave him a reception expressing all their enthusiasm, all their loyalty, and all their faith. On that day being in Brussels myself, I felt that the Belgian nation realized that Leopold II. could die now: the destinies of their country were in good hands.

And thus Leopold II. died on December 17, at Laeken, after a short illness. None of his family were at his bedside.

And now let us see what has been changed in Belgium since then.

First of all, the "wall" which had risen between people and ruler has disappeared. The King and Queen of the Belgians, evidently taught by experience and also following their own impulse, have lost no opportunity of living their subjects' life, even that of the humblest of their subjects. They are seen everywhere; they are interested in every department of national activity. Albert I. presides over all kinds of ceremonies and functions and always says the right and tactful word, whether addressing business men, officials, sportsmen, or workmen. The Queen acts likewise in the branches of

life where a woman's activity is more appropriate, such as art and charities. From the day of his accession the King knew how to prove that he was the right man in the right place, and that he was aware of what was expected from him. In his accession speech, which won the hearts of his subjects, he said, for instance, "We develop in our children's hearts the love of the native land, the love of our family, the love of all that is good; these are the virtues which make nations strong."

It is obvious, and at the time it was still more obvious (for Leopold II. had only been dead ten days) that the wording of the royal speech had been carefully laid out so as to make the people understand that something—and something essential, too—had been changed in Belgium. Love of children, love of family, love of all that is good—this is all that Leopold II. constantly disregarded; these are the "commonplace virtues" which the late King thought unworthy of his genius; and Albert I. acted wisely in reverting to this excellent tradition of honesty and family love, which had been inaugurated by Leopold I., and which always appealed so strongly to the feelings of the average Belgian.

Love of family: One of the first actions of King Albert was to allow Princess Louise, King Leopold's eldest daughter, to come back to Belgium when the anger of her father had expelled her. As a matter of fact the Princess did not ask, but was asked, to come to her father's funeral, and received full royal honors on entering the Belgian land, where she could have remained peacefully had she deemed fit to do so. Further, King Albert at once authorized Leopold II.'s youngest daughter, Princess Clementine, to marry Prince Victor Napoleon, who is the pretender to the French Crown in the Bonapartist interest. This marriage

had been planned for several years; it was calculated to have been the happy and normal outcome of a real love romance, but Leopold II. always opposed it—for mere political reasons; he could not admit that this daughter—the granddaughter of a Princess of Orleans (Leopold I.'s second wife was the daughter of King Louis-Philippe) could marry the head of the rival Bonapartist party. The refusal of the King's consent was subject to strong criticism in Belgium and abroad, and the King of Italy even intervened to induce Leopold II. to reconsider his decision, but in vain. Further, to put a stop to a campaign which was being started in the Radical and Socialist papers of Brussels against the "cruel King," *le roi cruel*, the Sovereign did not shrink from indulging personally in active newspaper polemics. He contributed an article to the *Indépendance Belge*, explaining the reasons for his attitude, and this perhaps unique article, which appeared without any one knowing the name of its author, stopped the matter and checked the Press campaign. The two Princes, whose marriage would have been widely popular in Belgium, apparently gave up their plans. Still, they remained faithful to one another. Shortly after his accession, King Albert gave his cordial consent to their union, to take place in November, in Italy.

Love of his people: King Albert has given Belgium every proof of his deep interest in their enterprise and welfare. He has become President of thousands of local societies of labor, sport and enjoyment; he has constantly encouraged, by his untiring presence and personal influence, every manifestation of Belgian activity and especially, the International Exhibition of Brussels. He has never lost an opportunity of bringing comfort to State, or any other class of public servants who had been wounded or disabled in their work, and

his gracious consort has always insisted on accompanying him in his benevolent visits. Quite recently, Queen Elisabeth paid several calls on the famous veteran Belgian painter, M. Eugène Laermans, who is, unfortunately, on the verge of blindness. Every one knows with what contemptuous indifference Leopold II. treated artists, scientists, writers, all men who were not actual men of action; this delicate kindness shows that an entirely different spirit now reigns at the Belgian Court. Another instance of his constant solicitude was King Albert's speedy return from Tyrol as soon as he heard that a disastrous fire had destroyed a part of the Brussels Exhibition. "I have returned," he said, on alighting from the train, "to tell you that whatever misfortune happens to my people stirs my own heart to its depths." For it has been King Albert's constant policy to show his people how truly he shares all their joys and all their misfortunes.

Further, his simplicity has always appealed to the public, and he has always been anxious not to surround the throne with too much pomp. When Leopold II. used to drive through the streets of Brussels for some State function the postillions always drove with loaded guns on their shoulders or with loaded pistols attached to their saddles. This stern practice has now been abandoned, and the Belgians to-day see their King and their Queen without this unnecessary display of firearms. This is only a small instance, but it shows with what constant strength of purpose the young King of the Belgians has tried to get nearer his people so as to win their confidence and affection. "If you want to make the people weep," was the ancient Latin saying, on which the whole dramatic art rests, "you must weep yourself first." So much for love and affection. If a monarch wants to be liked, he must like himself. King Al-

bert has understood this, and has labored accordingly.

Now let us look at what he has done as a King in the political domain.

From a foreign standpoint, he has so far been most successful. His first accession visit ought to have been to the British Court, not only because of the traditional ties of relationship and friendship existing between the British and Belgian royal families, but also in recognition of the very significantly kind attitude of the Duke of Connaught when he came to Brussels as King Edward's envoy to attend Leopold II.'s funeral. While all the other foreign envoys left Brussels as soon as the oaken coffin of the late King had been placed in the Royal Chapel of Laeken, the English Prince remained and attended the ceremony of accession in his official capacity. The Belgians, who had always been pained at the somewhat cool official relations between London and Brussels, laid great stress on the Duke of Connaught's attitude, which very probably had been the consequence of instructions given by the ever-mourned King Edward, and in return there was a strong feeling in Brussels in favor of a Royal visit to London taking place as soon as the Court-mourning would allow. Unfortunately, King Edward died in the meanwhile. In the Court circles it was wondered whether King Albert would go to London for the funeral; the very strict protocol of the Belgian Court opposed such a voyage on the grounds that no accession visit had yet been made by the Belgian Sovereign; but Albert I. declined to take notice of these petty contingencies, and he left for the British capital, where he was received with conspicuous kindness, and where he met many of his royal kinsmen. In his attitude towards Great Britain the Belgian monarch has always shown an ardent desire of repairing the blunders made by Leopold

II. and his Ministers. King Albert knows that Great Britain is the traditional and natural guardian of Belgium's independence, and that no friendship is more precious to her. His predecessor had not, despite his great political foresight, understood this, and had allowed Congo affairs to interfere in the hitherto excellent relations between the two kingdoms. Every opportunity has been used by King Albert to restore friendship between Belgium and England, and the most recent of these opportunities was the re-opening, on September 19, of the British Section of the Brussels International Exhibition. The King had laid great stress on this function, and had asked the British Commissioners to postpone it until his return from his accession visit to the Queen of the Netherlands. The Section being re-opened, the King answering Sir Arthur Hardinge's very eloquent and tactful speech of welcome, delivered a speech from which I take the following:

Allow me, gentlemen, to say to you again to-day how much I have deplored that sad event, and how I have shared the affliction caused here, as in England, by the loss of so much work and so many beautiful things. But your firmness and your energy have risen to the height of the circumstances. In setting to work again immediately, gentlemen of the committee, you and your devoted helpers have achieved an incomparable *tour de force*.

Thanks to you and to the British authorities, to whom I am happy to offer the expression of my gratitude, the British section is reconstituted. Your high courage has added a new element of attraction to our vast enterprise, and you have given to us Belgians a new testimony of friendship which we shall never forget. Your Excellency has associated the British and the Belgian people in the eulogy which you have made in such happy terms of the work of repairing the disaster caused by the fire. Certainly the Belgians have displayed in that work their fine qualities of courage and perseverance which no



misfortune can daunt, and I congratulate them upon it highly. But what shall I say of the English, of the Government as of the exhibitors—who, in reconstructing in the space of a few weeks a section as beautiful and interesting as any one could possibly wish, have once more shown of what that unconquerable tenacity the characteristic of the British nation is capable? I can find no words to express to your Excellency my admiration and my gratitude.

It is with joy that I declare the new British Section open.

Carefully and warmly worded as it is this speech has made an excellent impression in Belgium and in England; it has been the timely result of his Majesty's arduous task of reconstruction, and the Anglo-Belgian relations are now restored to their normal level of cordiality. The recent visit of the Lord Mayor of London to Brussels has drawn closer ties of friendship between the two capitals, and, above all, the Belgians feel that the British are real and disinterested friends, besides possible allies, as other professed friends might be tempted to intrude upon her territory in case of war. This had been forgotten, and for many years Englishmen had been treated almost as foes, if not, certainly as eventual intruders. This is the past. Things are now in their right shape, and when the Belgian royal couple visit London next year these new sentiments, or rather, these renewed sentiments, will surely be echoed officially.

Further, the King of the Belgians has visited this year Berlin and Paris. In both capitals he received a warm welcome, and in both he pronounced the few tactful words expected from him. The task was not an easy one, as the King had to be careful not to show more cordiality—or less—in Berlin than in Paris, or in Paris than in Berlin, Belgium being neutral, and above all, being divided into two great parties, the pro-

French and the pro-Germans.<sup>1</sup> The least excessive word could have caused trouble in Belgium and especially in Brussels, where the two conflicting influences face each other directly. The result of these visits will be beneficial to Belgium, inasmuch as the Kaiser has visited, and President Fallières will visit Brussels, thus re-opening the Belgian Court to normal international and courteous intercourse. Visits of equal cordiality, have also been paid to Amsterdam and Vienna.

On the other hand, the International Exhibition of Brussels afforded his Majesty ample opportunity of showing his regard for, and his desire to develop friendly relations with, Belgium's neighbors or her business friends. Every foreign section received the King's special visit, and on every visit did the King, with untiring kindness and remarkable technical knowledge, express himself in adequate terms on the great honor the great European Powers had paid Belgium in sending such valuable exhibits to the Exhibition. All this shows that something has been altered in Belgium, especially when one thinks that Leopold II., visiting the works of the Exhibition last year, and asked to express his opinion, only said these words: "*C'est bien laid.*" It is true that the Exhibition had not been located in the site the late King had wished.

At home, Albert I. has done very well, too. Here his task was a little easier, for the Belgians, after Leopold II., dreamt, if not of reconciliation, surely of conciliation. He has conquered Conservatives, Liberals, and even Socialists, the latter (who are declared Republicans) finding very little ground to attack him. The Belgian Constitution says that the King must be above political parties—and King

<sup>1</sup> Vide the "National Review" September, 1908: "Belgium in the grip of Germany."

Albert is a true Constitutional King. His object is to be fair to every one, but while his sympathy very probably rests with the moderate Liberals, he realizes that the country has given itself a Conservative Government, and he acts accordingly. His task is not always easy, but he displays great firmness in its accomplishment. His policy is one of reason. He wants Belgium to have an army, but he never approved of millions being showered on a navy, on sumptuous and useless public works, as was the case under the preceding reign, and slowly but surely he has ordered the cancelling of the most costly of these works, for which Leopold II. had signed ruinous contracts. The "Ecole Mondiale" of Tervuren will not be built, nor will the important works regarding the Scheldt be undertaken in Antwerp now. The millions thus saved will contribute to the welfare of his Majesty's Congo subjects, and at the King's request will be devoted especially to anti-sleeping sickness research. A better and more useful object could hardly be found.

I have attempted to draw a picture of King Albert. If one considers in what condition he found his royal legacy on ascending the throne and what

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he has done in less than one year, one cannot help thinking that he has accomplished a gigantic work, which few people realize outside or even in Belgium. One cannot foresee the future, but it is only fairness to record the great success achieved by the new Belgian ruler in every domain and in every direction.

When King Edward died, a newspaper said that "as long as his late Majesty had lived the world had always felt in security, as King Edward was an arbitrator to whose wisdom one always felt one could apply in case of emergency." The world has lost this incomparable arbitrator, but who knows whether the ruler who will succeed him in this unique capacity may not be, in future years, the monarch who, in the handling of the affairs of a State, small in surface, but great in riches, industry and enterprise, has displayed such great qualities of wisdom and firmness as King Albert? Leopold I. used to give his precious advice to Queen Victoria. Nobody knows whether King Albert, when he will have ruled for many more years and will have received the surname of "The Wise," to which he seems entitled, will not also have an authoritative voice in the Councils of European diplomacy.

*René Feibelman.*

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XXI.

It was June, and the St. Erths were in Surrey, in a house that Mr. St. Erth had taken for the summer months. It had a fine old garden and was in a quiet corner miles from any town or railway station. Mr. St. Erth was invalided, and could not go to business, so railway stations did not matter to himself at present. The remote posi-

tion of the house would not have mattered to Madeline either if she had possessed Aladdin's lamp and could have summoned the attendant Djinn to fetch anything her husband wanted suddenly from shops that were miles away. They had no motor. They had nothing but a carriage and two horses, and it was impossible to send them six miles south to the chemist just when

Mr. St. Erth insisted on taking them six miles north for a drive. Madeline had ventured to point this out at lunch time, and a scene had ensued from which she had not recovered. Mr. St. Erth wanted his drive and he wanted something from the chemist, and he could not have both. So he swore at Madeline before the servants, and pushed glass and china about as noisily and violently as if he had been Petruccio sitting down to supper with Katharine in his country house. After lunch Madeline wanted to stay at home and take breath in the garden, but that was not allowed.

"There's nothing to sulk about, and a drive will do you good. Go and put on your hat, and be quick about it," Mr. St. Erth had said in his amiable way; and Madeline had done as she was told. But the drive did not do her good. When they came back her husband kept her dancing attendance on him in the garden till he was comfortably settled with all the rugs, pillows, magazines, and smoking apparatus he thought he needed. Then tea arrived, and there was a regrettable incident. A new footman stumbled over Mr. St. Erth's footstool and upset a plate of bread and butter. No one was hurt, but the plate was broken, the footman received notice, and Madeline was told in the hearing of Michael Severin and the butler just then coming across the lawn that such things only happened where the mistress of the house was a fool.

Michael's arrival made a diversion. Mr. St. Erth had to greet him, and Madeline had to look as if his arrival did not take her by surprise.

"Is Mr. Severin's room ready?" said her husband, when she had given Michael tea.

"It can be ready in ten minutes," said Madeline.

"I told you this morning at breakfast that Mr. Severin was coming."

"Did you?"

"Did I? Of course I did. At least I gave you his letter. I suppose you didn't take the trouble to read it."

"I'm very sorry," murmured Madeline, her color rising at her husband's tone, her glance avoiding Michael's.

There had been a scene at breakfast as well as at lunch, and it had been in connection with a post-office charge on a letter that turned out to be from an American firm touting for subscriptions. This letter with another had been literally flung at Madeline amidst a storm of words that unnerved and confused her; and she had been so anxious to understand and carry out her husband's instructions with regard to future letters insufficiently stamped that she had forgotten to look at the English one pitched across the table with it. So she had not known all day that Michael was coming, and she had not had a room prepared for him. When tea was over she went into the house to give the necessary orders, but she did not go with a light heart. She feared the long hours to-day and to-morrow when Michael would be present to see what she endured.

Mr. St. Erth had asked his junior partner for the week end in order to discuss a new business undertaking in which he had been interested. Michael had it in hand now and was making a success of it, but he was working on lines of his own, and this made discussion difficult, for Mr. St. Erth believed in himself and in no other man. He still assumed the rights of an active partner, still insisted on particulars of what went on, still attempted to thwart Michael's methods though he could not deny their success. From the first he had been jealous of the younger man, grudged him his place in the firm, been envious of his energy and financial insight.

"We shall drop a lot of money over

this if it goes wrong," he growled this afternoon.

"It won't go wrong," Michael assured him.

"So you say."

Michael did not lose his temper. He continued for some time to explain, to discuss, and to listen to advice that was of no use under new circumstances, but he did not enjoy himself, and he was glad when a dressing gong brought the futile interview to an end. Dinner, however, was as oppressive as the afternoon had been. The master of the house made his guest, his wife, and his servants miserable by his odious temper. Everything was wrong and every one was stupid, and the way to speak was in a snarling grumble. The way to answer, in Madeline's case, was without showing resentment or surprise, and Michael felt sure that the same scenes were enacted day by day, and that his own presence acted as a curb and made them milder.

"These fools don't know their work," said Mr. St. Erth when the two men waiting on them had left the room. "But they've only been here a fortnight, and they're leaving again directly. We never keep our servants."

Michael thought this was not surprising, but as he could not say so he said something about servants in India and about an affectionate and queerly worded letter he had received that morning from his old khansamah there.

"Wants to get something out of you, I suppose," said Mr. St. Erth, filling his glass with port and passing the decanter on to Michael. He had been drinking all through dinner, first sherry and then a heavy burgundy. He was flushed and angry-looking, and his hand trembled violently as he lifted his glass to his lips—so violently that a little of the wine was spilt upon the cloth. When this happened he looked across

the table at his wife, and unfortunately found that she was watching him.

"What are you staring at?" he asked.

"Was I staring?" said Madeline, trying to speak unconcernedly, and she got up to go.

"Don't go yet," said Mr. St. Erth, "you haven't had your port."

"I don't want it to-night," said Madeline.

"Yes, you do," said her husband.

Madeline sat down again and pushed her glass towards Michael. He filled it without speaking, and without speaking she drank about half of it, wondering as she did so what Michael must think of her. Would he think that she had neither sense nor spirit to allow any man, even though he was her husband, to speak to her in such a tone? For it was Mr. St. Erth's manner that made his command an outrage. If Madeline had been a recalcitrant dog he could not have called it to heel in a harsher way. But when her husband was in this mood she had no weapons against him, for she knew that resistance would only goad him to fury, and that at the worst his ungovernable temper knew no checks. As soon as she had finished the wine she went into the drawing-room, but she felt too restless to sit down there. She wanted to move, she wanted to escape; her cheeks were burning, her spirit was in a tumult. She felt as much ashamed as if her husband had struck her in Michael's presence, and she ran out into the garden with the wish in her mind that she could run further and further away. But the cool night air, the peace, the sweet scents, and the sight of stars slowly restored her. Many a time during her miserable marriage she had looked for a way of escape and found none; and her instinct had always been to draw a veil over the life she led—to let no one guess at the price she was paying for her bargain. She had mar-

ried for money as a young ignorant girl often will, not in the least understanding what lay before her. She had not wanted money for herself, but for her parents, who were ill and miserably poor; she wanted it quickly, and she had not been taught how to earn any. In the glow of her pity and acute distress, with her heart aching for the two old people so near and dear to her, she would have married a monster if he could have given her gold for them, the gold that would bring them help and possibly added years of life. When Mr. St. Erth made his offer she accepted it with eager gratitude and told him the true state of affairs. She did not love him or any one except her father and mother, and they were ill and terribly poor. Mr. St. Erth had given her money for them and money for herself; as much and more than she wanted, from the beginning. He was a man who would hand her a cheque for five hundred pounds one day and foam at the mouth the next because fourpence had been paid on an unstamped letter. He would load her with jewels she did not value, and swear at her if a servant made an extravagant fire. His very gifts were embittered by the spirit in which he made them, for when he offered her money or trinkets he would do it with some grudging comments on the extravagance and inferiority of women; while if she said she could do with less money and fewer trinkets he told her that he didn't want a wife who dressed like a frump, and that as she was going off in looks every day she had better try what dressmakers and milliners and all the tribe of rogues that batten on feminine folly could do for her. From the beginning Madeline had been afraid of him, afraid of his temper, of his coarse bullying tongue, of his sneering mind. She shuddered as she remembered chapter on chapter of her married life; and his present illness,

taking as it did those hours of relief when he was in the City, made things worse for her.

At first she walked up and down the garden paths in a quick, aimless way; then, as she became conscious of the beauty of the evening, she moved more slowly, finding help and strength outside herself. The garden gave on the common, stretching for miles beyond it, and sometimes of late, when Madeline could escape for half an hour, she had gone out there after dinner and listened to a nightingale who sang every evening to his mate from a thorn bush about five minutes' walk beyond the garden door. She heard him in the distance to-night, and went out there, leaving the door open behind her. She hurried to him as a lonely creature hurries to a friend, and he told her stories of the world she had never known, the world where lovers meet in rapture and live in peace, where men and women find heaven in each other, even when sorrow comes, because they are faithful and kind. As she listened to him she felt a little happier, for his song belonged to the world from which she was shut out, and he seemed to let her in. The moonlight flooded the common and her tense uplifted face when Michael passed through the open door and went slowly and cautiously towards her. She saw him coming, but did not speak, so for a time they stood side by side and listened to the bird's song.

"Isn't he happy?" she whispered under her breath when he paused for a minute. "Is any man or woman ever as happy as that?"

But the nightingale took fright at her voice, though she lowered it, and he flew away.

"He will come back," they said to each other, and they waited in the shadow of the thorn bush hoping to hear the soft whirr of his wings. But that night he sang to them no more.

"I ought to go back," Madeline said presently, with a little shiver, and they turned towards the garden, dragging their steps, hoping for another song. When they reached the house and went into the drawing-room they found Mr. St. Erth fast asleep on a sofa.

"He said he felt sleepy," whispered Michael; "that was why I left him."

Like two children they stole across the room on tiptoe to the veranda, where there were chairs and a lighted lamp. Here they sat down and talked quietly and soberly. Because Michael was going to marry Clara and Madeline was married to Mr. St. Erth, therefore the glow in their hearts was not to be admitted; the thrill in the air was due to the stars and the nightingale, when their eyes met it must be in the cool way of friendship and not with the shock of love. Yet there between them, though they dared not see it, the great god had come; and first he threw his glamour over Michael so that he adored the cloudy softness of Madeline's dark hair and the deep of her eyes, which God had made merry and man sad. Even what she wore seemed to him unlike what any other woman wore; and just as when he first saw her he saw silver shoes for the first time and thought them wonders, so to-night he believed that no one else had ever worn a gown of sapphire blue, thin, trailing from her shoulders and stiff with a stomacher of many-colored jewels. For in Michael's eyes Madeline's raiment, like her beauty, came from the stars.

Over Madeline too the great god cast his magic, and the *timbre* of Michael's voice enchanted her, his glance held her, his thoughts fired hers to a common flame. Yet it had not entered the furthest hopes of either that this commotion in their souls could ever find earthly close or ever be confessed even to themselves without dishonor. The only way in which they showed any sense of danger was in their incessant

flow of talk. They were afraid of those silences that fall so easily between men and women on the verge of love, and they were busy with the reconnaissances that take people attracted to each other such enchanting journeys towards the unknown. From one such venture leading by way of poetry to the everlasting hills Madeline came back in a panic, for it is not good to fly too far when honor and necessity alike are calling you from below.

"I wonder if he is still asleep," she said. "I will see."

Michael watched her as she passed from the veranda into the drawing-room, and when she was out of sight he looked at the moon-lit garden and enjoyed the silence and the cool, scented air. In a moment, however, Madeline came back again.

"He is fast asleep still," she said. "I suppose I must leave him. But it means a bad night."

She did not sit down again directly, but stood beside the table watching the dead and dying moths and flies gathered round the lamp. Some of them were moving still.

"I hate having a lamp out here," she said.

As she spoke a great moth lumbered against the heated glass, scorched itself badly, and fell with a thud. Madeline gave a little cry of pity and hastily put out the light. Then she sat down in a corner of the veranda, where trails of a red rambling rose fell over the edge and became a setting for her in her jewelled dress. The strong moonlight made a new picture of her for Michael, and he wished she had left the lamp, because while it was burning the glamour of her presence had been less compelling and unearthly. He was glad when she spoke and by her questions brought him back to the realities of life as he had shaped them.

"When are you going to be married?" she asked.



"Not yet," said Michael.

"Have you taken a house?"

"Oh, we don't want a house till next spring. Clara is going to spend the winter in Algeria."

"I hadn't heard of that. I thought you were to be married at the end of the year."

"That was our first idea," said Michael, "but now Clara talks of the spring."

He seemed rather apathetic about it, Madeline thought; and she wondered whether Clara was apathetic too.

"Who is taking her to Algeria?" she asked.

"The Underwoods. Mrs. Underwood is ordered there, and wants to have Clara with her."

Madeline asked herself how much Michael knew about the Underwoods and the Pratt-Palmers. Mrs. Underwood had been Jessica Pratt-Palmer. They were people whose parents had made enormous fortunes. Jessica's only brother, Julius Pratt-Palmer, was one of the richest commoners in England and a bachelor.

"Clara will have a good time with them," she said.

"Yes," said Michael; "it is natural that she should wish to go."

Madeline did not think it at all natural for a girl who was going to marry Michael to put off her marriage and separate herself from him for the sake of some idle months with people like the Underwoods and the Pratt-Palmers. She could not understand either Clara's desire or Michael's indifferent acquiescence. "Perhaps when the autumn comes Clara will change her mind," she said.

"Who put the lamp out?" said a snarling voice from the open veranda door, and looking up, Michael and Madeline saw that Mr. St. Erth was standing there.

"I did," said Madeline, reflecting thankfully that if her husband had listened he had heard them speak of Pratt-Palmers and not, as he might have done earlier, of some poet's holy of holies. "I put it out because it was killing flies."

"When?"

"Just now."

He came out on to the veranda. He went up to the table and touched the lamp to see whether Madeline had been telling the truth, and it was still hot. His wife and Michael both saw him do this and understood his motive.

"Another time don't let me sleep so long," he said to Madeline. "It spoils my night, as you know. . . . Besides, I like sitting on a veranda by moonlight. I hope my wife has been quoting poetry, Severin. It oozes out of her on these occasions, I know. So you have put off your marriage till the spring . . . or rather the lady has put you off? Did she say whether Julius Pratt-Palmer was going with them to Algeria?"

"No," said Michael shortly.

Mr. St. Erth gave the low, wheezing chuckle that was his imitation of a laugh. Then he turned to his wife again.

"You ought to have been in bed an hour ago," he said. "It's nearly twelve o'clock. Good night, Severin. If you want whisky and cigars you'll find them in the library. I'm an invalid, you know, so I'm off now."

"Good-night," said Madeline.

"Good-night," said Michael. But he went upstairs when his host and hostess did and sought his own room. The windows were wide open, and in the silence of the night beyond the garden he could hear the nightingale singing to his mate on the common.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PASSING OF PIERROT.

I think I should say at once that the passing of Pierrot is no great and magnificent spectacle like the passing of Arthur—no troupe of pale-faced Columbines weep at his funeral bier, no Harlequin's wand is thrown into a mysterious sea, there to be caught by a white hand and vanish for ever. But it is the passage of an immortal vagabond down the highways of history, inspiring, as he goes, those works which undoubtedly bear the stamp of his personality. He comes and goes like a comet, but without its regularity; he appears suddenly, and apparently without cause, humming an air we have half caught in the sighing of April winds, just giving us a flicker of an eyelash or a turn of his head for us to remember him by—these, and the one peculiar work which follows his advent. He is, as it were, the cuckoo among immortals.

He follows upon a tidal wave of imagination, wrecking old convictions, persuading us it is spring again, and where he has laid waste acres of stale thought, fresh, new, and surprising flowers spring up and bloom.

Let us begin by supposing something that is perfectly true—that we all live in the same village. It is a miniature world: it contains every vice and virtue, it contains everything except some one thing for which we are all waiting, and whose name few of us know. A ribbon of highroad runs through this village and, perhaps unconsciously, all our hopes and interests are centred on this road. It is our real excitement, the only means of diversifying our thoughts. We are always expecting some person to come into view who will make a difference in our lives, someone with a haunting personality, with an unforgettable air on his lips, with a face of such beauty that

it shall be shrined for ever in our hearts.

Now it is our hearts which are always playing false to our conventions. Some odd little twist in a child's speech, some sad light on a winter's evening, some very simple story of true, deep love, and up springs the unexpected lump in the throat, and we see to our surprise the beauty of things magnified through the tears in our eyes. We need some person to whom we can attach the inspiration which awakens us. We are prepared to renew our acquaintance with mankind as soon as our hearts are moved; so, in a true child-like spirit we go to the play. Here, we say, we shall get a little concrete picture of things worth remembering, here we shall find our emotions crystallized and pigeon-holed. What do we find? We find ourselves back again in our village, to which the dramatist has added nothing and taken away only reputations. If the theatre is true to life, we say, then England as a whole is occupied in breaking the Seventh Commandment, or committing mean crimes for money. There is nothing to take to our hearts, and, for our brains, only a certain amount of over-rich food. We, who had hoped to become lovers, have become surgeons. Instead of finding our neighbor beautiful and lovable, we find him interesting for dissection. And, when we are in this poor way of thinking, down the road comes a laughing philosopher and takes up his place in our midst.

He is dressed in the clothes of the second Golden Age, in the loosest, easiest Elizabethan dress, with his ruff unstarched about his neck. He wears a long loose blouse, loose trousers, stockings, shoes all of white. Even his face is white, even the most human part of him—his head of hair—is

hidden under a close white cap. Every gesture he makes is eloquent. His name is Pierrot. No one really knows where he was born, but we all know he can never die, because he is part of human nature.

He stands for the laugh with the tear hidden in it; his cynicism is sentimental, his moods are fleeting, and he is a thoroughly undeserving, lovable fellow—undeserving, that is, by our own standards, because the least whim is enough to draw him away from what we call the big issues of life and set him elaborating a story on a dew-drop on a thread of gossamer. He stood by Shakespeare when he wrote *The Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. He whispered in the ear of Cervantes; he was always at the elbow of Charles Dickens, and Stevenson knew him well. Hans Andersen was intimate with him, as also was Lewis Carroll, and he had a large share in *Peter Pan* and *The Admirable Crichton*.

As soon as we saw him we knew him well. He has been a familiar stage figure for three hundred years, along with Harlequin, Columbine, Clown and Pantaloon, and Punch and Judy and Toby, those incomparable Elizabethans. But they bring a larger breath of air with them than their footlight charm. They are from Olympus, and Harlequin and his companions date back to early times. Harlequin is Mercury with his wand, his light and airy feet, his face darkened so that mortals may not be overcome by the effulgence of his countenance. Columbine is the dove, the symbol of the soul—Psyche. Clown is Momus; and Pantaloon is Charon, the tragic boatman of the Styx. So much for those. Who, then, is Pierrot, this strange, very human immortal? His face is whitened as were the faces of Greek actors, as were the faces of sixteenth-century clowns. His dress betrays no nationality, as does the dress of Clown, who became naturalized as

an English countryman, or of Pantaloon, who is garbed as a Venetian nobleman. He has the same impersonal appearance as Harlequin, who is sewn up in the glittering rags and patches of centuries. Pierrot, I am sure, is the child of some wandering quaint god and a Frenchwoman, for he has all the large air of a god, and he talks with his hands and his shoulders.

And how has he fallen from his high estate? It is because the English people have plenty of sentiment but no emotion; because our stage is on the side of the photographer and not of the artist; because we pretend that life is mirrored in the police side of the newspaper. And Pierrot says "No."

"Let me tell you," he says, quoting himself, "that *all* the world's a stage; that there can be plays in which there are no sex-centred, introspective women, no erring husbands. There can be plays which shall show us how love first came to a girl through the scent of primroses in a wood, and how no sweet thought ever came to her but she thought of primroses. And yet such a thought might be bound up in quite a drawing-room play with but two interiors."

Then I can see how upset will become our village realist who is always grubbing about to find rotten spots in whole fruit. "This Pierrotesque inspiration," he says, "is all very well, but the stage is supposed to be a picture of life as it really is." But these people, I say, turn life into a police court and put themselves up as magistrates and put their prisoners in the dock and judge them, and forget that it is spring outside, with thrushes singing in the trees and a great song thrumming through everybody's heart—though only a few know the words.

Pierrot, indeed, teaches us the value of dramatic contradictions: his cynicism is always breaking down by reason of his heart, which speaks the whole truth

instead of the bitter half. He shows us the man of the world in love, and the society woman as a good mother. He can inspire a play in which the only crime lies in that the people do not love enough. His wit is abundant and pierces all sham, and is not the wit in vogue on the stage just now, which is mostly mockery or clever word-twisting, or worse.

But, so far, Pierrot has only been allowed his way grudgingly. They are brave men who produced *Peter Pan* and *Pantaloon* and printed *Alice in Wonderland*, because they are in distinct contradiction to all accepted things and are touched by the wings of the gods, and are so easy to understand that one would expect managers and publishers to say they were above the public—which is a phrase so stupid that it could only have been invented by people who live on other people's brains.

So we have allowed Pierrot to live in the most humble circumstances, with only a banjo and the sands, or simply by his clothes, as is the case with *The Follies*, though I think there is something of the true Pierrot in Mr. Pellissier. The French have kept to Pierrot more faithfully, and M. Rostand has been informed by him, no doubt; but, on the stage, he has become a romantic, or a sordid criminal, even, and used to express very low French life, except in a few cases. But they have an actor—Severin—who plays Pierrot as if he had lodged with him under the moon.

There is a great deal of drama in life which is left untouched by people who write for the stage, because it is the one art which is so bound by conventions that it has scarcely room to breathe; managers have tight-laced its possibilities until it has the approved French figure. Some few have tried to get away from convention by writing for children, others by writing very intimately of social problems. The only

true way to set to work is to write about children. This is the reason for the success of *The Third Floor Back*, where childlike and very simple words appeal straight from the Stranger to the hearts of his converts. We need to reinstate Pierrot back among our Immortals, the Immortals man has created for his quick needs, and, when we do so, that terrible bogey Mrs. Grundy, who is a false idol, will vanish in despair.

To return to our village again. Let us see what a difference Pierrot has made there. He has taken a sudden fancy to the new villa which we all dislike. We have seen this very place in many of the ultra-modern dramas, when it has been the pride of the dramatist to show it a very monument of dull despair—indeed, without, often, the tragedy of despair. He has not allowed one atom for the essential beauty of the human beings within, because he could see nothing for the cloak they wore of pinched and sordid ideals. Behind this he never was great enough to see. But Pierrot lifts the cloak and shows us great and romantic emotions: the old, beautiful, though faded dreams, and the self-sacrifice of the tremendous people.

Many things has Pierrot done for us, For instance, in defiance of all rules of good conduct, he has gone to the public-house openly, and has brought away from there, not one of our good old music-hall songs in which we think it so amusing for a besotted swine to beat his wife, or be beaten by his wife's mother, but some real cordial humor of the friendly and excellent habit of drinking to make merry in excellent company. Pierrot, you see, is a great gentleman, and so few of us care to be gentle, and so very few take the trouble to be great that we are continually surprised at the results of one who is both.

Those who know their Dickens will remember Mr. Silas Wegg, who was

employed by Mr. Boffin, the Golden Dustman, to read *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* to him; they will remember how Mr. Wegg used to remark that, "professionally he declined and fell, but, as a friend, he dropped into poetry." This is an excellent expression of the Pierrotesque spirit, for what more of the nature of a true friend than to drop into poetry? One feels that the tendency of the dramatist is more towards declining and falling than towards dropping into poetry, and surely this last is what we sorely need. For one idea of beauty, or wit, or fun, we'd give a thousand facts, and think it cheap at the price. Pierrot, spirit of freakish thought, pauses in his wanderings and sees in our village wonderful plays showing the complete sordidness of people living in a suburb of Birmingham, and is as deeply interested in them as he would be in a collection of dried seaweed. He goes to see a play about the ethics of marriage and finds it an absorbing lecture on the hideous smallness of every person in a middle class of society, and he wonders why, in this country of Puck and Ariel, we have no lasting school of drama. There is not one living soul he has ever met on his way through life who had not *some* poetry, or *some* beauty in his nature which illuminated and made lovable the whole man. Then he stumbles on three totally different types of entertainment, all successful. He goes to see a play apparently about nurseries and fairies and pirates and Red Indians, and he finds an audience of grown-up people laughing with lumps in their throats. And he finds it is a play about real life in which the great things are put poetically, the love of mothers, and the spirit of courage and adventure, and the child-nature which lies under all of us, with all its curious fantastic thoughts about the nature of lagoons and the roots of trees and what it would be like if we could fly. Even

the jingle of hansom-cab harness is fairyfied.

Then he goes to a play apparently all about naval life, and again he finds that it is all about real pluck and the splendour of friendship, and of a girl who made a man into a giant and found she was right.

And then he goes to another place and sees a number of people dressed as parodies of himself, and he never really knows quite what it was all about until he comes out into the street aching with good wholesome laughter, and then he knows that it was about all the jolly, funny things that happen and catch you by surprise, and make you laugh just as they could make you cry put another way, because, for some reason, they are real, and touch your heart.

He has come down from Olympus through all the ages, has taught the value of blue roses to us to make us look at red ones, the value of twilight and moonlight, the sense of all the minor degrees of things that we may find beauty in little unexplored corners.

For Harlequin the Magic of Things—two lovers making Baker Street Station into a cathedral with a choir of Cupids. For Columbine the Strength of Gentleness—a rose in a button-hole; the tallow dip in a cottage window seen far out at sea: those threads which draw a man home. For Clown pure Fun—the pompous man healed of his self-importance by chasing his hat on a windy day. For Pantaloon the warm nest of Memory—the tip of the schoolboy; the reading of battles by a fireside.

For Pierrot the tear in the laugh, the balance of the human heart, sentimental cynicism, the complexity of character, the pathos which makes people think they are grown up: a very human person.

If the stage is to be the mirror of life, then it must be informed by one of these; if it is to be just an entertainment to take us out of life, it must

still be inspired by one of these, even if the secret of the inspiration be buried under all the upset apple-carts of society misdemeanors.

In his passage through the ages, Pierrot has acquired his background and his companions; he has acquired them by legends I am not going to invent. They are, for background, the sky and the moon; for companion, a cat; for comfort, a rose from some mysterious garden. His white dress and face are familiar enough; his eloquent hands you know: let me hope I have shown something of his nature. He is a born vagrant, and I believe he considers the world as his property, the sea his bath, the sky his ceiling; he can pinch his philosophy into a bag, and is free of the road. To use a phrase of Mr. Chesterton's to express Charles Dickens—he has the key of the street. The hedge-row is his daily newspaper—a leading article by the primroses, a song by the thrush, weather reports by the wind, politics be blowed, a human story in every field-path, a drama in every cottage, a heroine in every girl. Bring his spirit to bear on the theatre and we may get some delicious freshness that we need. Instead of our average of tea-drinking, gossiping play of the faults of our neighbors, instead of the tedious, self-centred woman in faded purple with a life like the dregs of bad liquor, let us hope that some writer for the theatre will one day soon hear a knock on his back door at midnight, will open, and find there, standing in the moonlight, the white figure of Pierrot, with his cat by his side and a rose behind his ear. There is a chance for some one, isn't there, to write a fine play with Pierrot himself for the hero?

Let me endeavor to make my meaning a little more clear by illustration. We will take the very simple story of *Beauty and the Beast*, and we presume that we go to see it at the — Theatre. On looking at the programme we find

that it is called *The Weakness of the Flesh*.

The curtain rises on Act I. and discloses a fashionable drawing-room in Mayfair. It is evening, the evening of a party, and the last of the guests departs, leaving Beauty, her two sisters, and her father an opportunity to fire off ten minutes of epigrams like a number of ill-natured guns charged with spite, morbidity, and general unhappiness. The father announces that unless he can gain the contract for the rebuilding of Dover Castle he is a ruined man, and they will be forced to live on five thousand a year. One of the bitter sisters advises him to make a splash down there, the other deplores the fact that he will have to meet a lot of common people. He turns to Beauty who advises him to learn something about building. The father ignores her and tells the elder sisters that he will bring them back presents from Dover that shall be well advertised in the local papers. "A diamond tiara," says the eldest. "A ruby collar," says the next. "We'll see that the papers have a 'puff.'" He turns to Beauty. "Father," she says, sweetly, "there's a big house just outside Dover. Bring me a moss rose from the garden." "What, Lord St. Clair's place?" says the father. "Artful darling! It is he who is the head of the Committee." "That is nothing to me," says Beauty. The Act ends by the exit of the father to catch an early morning train.

Act II. shows the garden of St. Clair's place. The father enters, plucks a moss rose, and is caught in the act by entrance of Lord St. Clair, a hideous old man with a dyed moustache. After a brief conversation, in which the father describes the beauty of his youngest daughter, St. Clair agrees to give him the contract on condition that he gives him his daughter. This the father instantly agrees to. At this moment Beauty enters, having



come down by the 2.45 to see that everything is right. Beauty and Lord St. Clair are left alone. In a tremendous scene, St. Clair vows that she knew he was impossibly rich and dying to be married. She denies it and swears she has always been in love with him from his photographs in the papers. He calls her all the names the Censor will allow, swears she is merely after his money, forces her on to her knees and the truth out of her. She lives for money; she loathed the sight of him until now, and now she adores him and the strength of his character. No girl, he says, could love me with a face like this. It is false, she cries, weeping. "Discovered!" he cries, and tears off his wig and pads and sham moustache, and stands up looking exactly like a well-known actor.

Act III. shows Beauty and St. Clair living an intolerable life, with the father and the two sisters living in the house and managing everything. It ends with St. Clair delivering an impassioned speech on the subject of the curse of wealth, and telling them how he has just given his vast fortune to the poor of Nicaragua. The curtain falls on the departure of Beauty with her family, leaving St. Clair alone, rejoicing in the life that has saved his life.

At another theatre we find the same story, but it is entitled, *What's the Good of Anything?*

Act I. discloses a view of a municipal garden, in the centre of which is a statue to Progress, who is holding in her hand a model of a vegetarian restaurant. At the foot of the statue a rose-bush is growing and is rapidly threatening to cover the statue with bloom. On a chair by the statue an effete-looking young man is seated smoking a cigarette. He has not only eaten a luncheon of two meat courses, but he has also drunk wine, and is finishing his orgy with a cigarette. He is

the Beast. By his side is a middle-aged man very uncomfortably dressed in ill-fitting tweeds, a blue flannel collar, and a heavy misshapen ulster. This is the father of Beauty. Beauty herself enters and is dressed very plainly, wears pince-nez, has a cool, critical manner, and an air of great superiority over the men. With her are her two sisters, very pretty girls in fashionable dresses.

The action of the play commences by Beauty taking hold of the rose-tree by the roots and pulling it up bodily.

"That's my rose," says Beast.

"I don't care whose property you choose to call it," says Beauty, "It's out of its proper bed, and I see no label giving its botanical name, and it's spoiling the statue."

"I planted it," says the Beast, "as a symbol that Nature always reclaims ugliness in the long run."

"Take care," whispers a sister to Beauty: "he's the richest man in the world."

"Then he's a disgusting object, isn't he, father?"

This gives an opportunity for the father to commence a speech which, with a few intervals for breath lasts until the end of the Act.

Act II. finds everybody in exactly the same place and the father still talking. (A glass of water is handed to him from behind the statue to clear his throat.)

At the end of the Act Beauty awakens the young man by saying: "Well, as you are not convinced, I suppose I shall have to marry you." At the word marriage the father draws a deep breath, and is about to begin again when a garden attendant enters and asks the Beast for a penny fee for his chair.

[CURTAIN]

But at the third theatre Pierrot had a part, and we find the play called *The Beauty of the Beast*.

Act I. shows us the true original story transplanted into modern life: the merchant going to the big city after hearing his daughters' three wishes—for jewels, for a wonderful dress, and, from Beauty, that longing for a rose from a garden. And we see how one sister's character is overlaid with the craving for wealth so that she may get out of her dull suburban position, and the other for fine clothes that she may marry and escape her surroundings, and Beauty needing nothing but some little proof of her father's remembrance of her. You may not call this so dramatic, but it is the drama of the heart, after all.

Then in the Second Act we see the garden of the man who had been vulgarized by money—a rich, overpowering garden at Hampstead, full of flowers he did not understand. And the father plucks his rose and meets the outraged owner, who is still more outraged when he learns of Beauty's absurd request. So they telephone for her, and she comes and is left alone with the Beast, and the very sight of

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the refined girl in his garden and her disinterestedness at the vulgar display of orchids and fountains and wealth, subdues the Beast so much that love grows in his heart, and he cuts Beauty a bouquet fit for a princess and sends her away.

Act III. shows us the home again, and the Beast calls, and love has made him a beautiful prince in a night, and, the lovers of the other sisters being present, the Beast openly asks Beauty to marry him; and then he kisses her, and the lovers surreptitiously kiss the sisters, and the roses on the wallpaper burst into bloom.

This is roughly described, a faint film of the real thing, but the best I can do to show three expressions of one thought.

There may be many who feel Pierrot to be over-full of sentiment, but the witty side of him is perhaps best expressed in his own version of the popular saying: "Nothing is as good as it looks." "No," says Pierrot; "it's better."

Dion Clayton Calthrop.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.\*

The recent untimely and tragical death of Mr. Frank Podmore has directed general attention to his writings, especially to the book which, no doubt fully prepared before his death, has been published posthumously.

Mr. Podmore was an early member of the Society for Psychical Research, and he collaborated with Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers in the collection and discussion of that large mass of cases, consisting chiefly of spontaneous apparitions or death-wraiths, which resulted in the publication of the

two volumes called "Phantasms of the Living" in the year 1886.

The objectivity of these apparitions of the injured or dying or dead was always doubted or denied by the writers of that book; but inasmuch as the hallucinations were sometimes veridical—that is to say, inasmuch as they corresponded to or represented some actual occurrence, with a precision which, though not complete, was very striking—was found, indeed, on subsequent most careful and conscientious scrutiny, to be immensely beyond any chance coincidence—the writers devised a theory to explain such cases by means of

\* "The Newer Spiritualism." By FRANK Podmore. Pp. 320. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1910.) Price 8s. 6d. net.

the direct action of one mind on another through some agency not yet recognized in science.

The actual occurrence of such mental interaction, or thought-transference, was investigated by direct experiment, its possibility was considered proved, and a short account of these experimental cases forms part of the standard treatise referred to above. Prof. Barrett, F.R.S., is the leading surviving pioneer in the work of that period. Not only ideas and images could be thus conveyed, but full-blown apparitions of living people could be apparently effected by purposed concentration of mind acting on sufficiently sensitive percipients.

Since that time Mr. Podmore was an enthusiastic supporter of this doctrine of "Telepathy," as the process was conveniently named by Mr. Myers; and subsequent investigation and cumulative experience have gone far to strengthen the belief in it, as a genuine human faculty, among all those who have worked at the subject. So the reality of some unknown mode of communication between mind and mind may now be considered fairly established, notwithstanding that it has not yet received the sanction of high official science.

But it must never be forgotten that the detection of this process as a fact of observation, and the giving it a name for convenience of reference, by no means explains it or reduces it to the level of commonplace. If a fact at all, it must be a fact of exceedingly great importance. For a new or previously unrecognized human faculty is not the kind of thing that may be expected to turn up every century. It has shown signs, indeed, of being but the precursor and most prominent member of a whole group of human faculties, which had been more or less experimented with and more or less believed in, during the course of human history, un-

til the age of science supervened and relegated everything of the so-called magical or occult to the domain of superstition, thereby excluding it from reasonable consideration.

As now contemplated, however, there is nothing superstitious about telepathy. Indeed, it is often employed as the antidote to what may still be called superstition: and Mr. Podmore in particular—so far from regarding it as only the first-discovered member of a series, after the analogy of such a chemical element as Argon—preferred to use it as a master-key wherewith to open a large number of locks, and thereby to let fresh air into chambers which else would be stuffy and obscure. He was apt to forget, I think, that telepathy is itself an obscure and, so to speak, "locked" faculty, inasmuch as no explanation of it has ever been given, or the process explained, either by physicists or psychologists. We do not even know for certain whether it is or is not accompanied by any physical process or stimulus akin to those with which we are familiar in the case of all the ordinary operations of sense-perception. There are some who think it a direct psychical action—that is to say, a direct action of mind on mind; there are others who think that it may be the result of a wider kind of mental interaction than exists among ordinary human beings, and that it points in the direction of the survival of human personality.

Mr. Podmore did not take that view: he does not seem to have pondered deeply on the actual meaning and process of telepathy. He accepted it as a fact, and tried to explain every other occult phenomenon by means of it—showing a tendency, indeed, to accept readily anything that could be thus explained, and to reject, also readily anything that could not. This is not the place for criticism in detail, but it would be easy to select sentences il-

lustrative of this tendency on the part of the author.

Up to a certain limit, indeed, such a method of procedure is legitimate; and undoubtedly the clue furnished by the working-hypothesis of unconscious telepathic communication has rendered easier of belief a great many strange legends and asserted experiences. But to regard it as the only legitimate clue, to test all facts by means of it, and to reject with contumely those which it does not explain, which it can by no contortions be made to explain, is not so legitimate. And if Mr. Podmore has at all fallen into error—as it is only human that he should—it is in this direction that he has erred. I desire to review with extreme delicacy the work of a deceased writer, especially one to whom the subject of psychical research is largely indebted for acute criticism and remarkable industry. Yet I cannot fail to notice in many parts of the book, and, indeed, in his other writings generally, something that may be called *bias* in favor of the supremacy or monopoly of his favorite explanation.

It is true that some of the most recent investigations by members of the society, those which can be summarized briefly under the title *Cross correspondence*, went some distance towards shaking Mr. Podmore's robust scepticism in everything except telepathy—telepathy, that is, between living persons no matter how distant and disconnected from each other they may be; but though he showed signs of an opening mind in this direction, in many others it remained firmly, and as most will think reasonably, closed. Mr. Podmore was one of those who some time ago had believed too easily and too much—at least so his later self would have claimed—and accordingly he had swung over in the opposite direction; certainly nothing in the nature of what are called "physical phenomena"—a title which is used to summarize a group of cases re-

lating to the movement of objects without apparent contact—could ever find lodgment in his mind.

In this he may turn out to be right, for these so-called physical phenomena are among the most incredible of all; they do not appear to have any immediate or necessary connection with the question of human survival—if true, they appear to be a physiological but extraordinary and, so to speak, ridiculous extension of human faculty—and it would be a great simplification if they could all be relegated to the easy and comprehensive category of fraud. But the evidence will not in my judgment permit this simplification of the problems presented by a hitherto uncharted portion of the universe; and I confess I do not feel that Mr. Podmore's training made him a competent critic of this division of the subject. It is the part of his book which will meet with readiest acceptance, however, inasmuch as it postulates no causes but what are only too well known, such as human deceit, quackery, and gullibility; so it puts no strain on the believing power of the reader, even to the moderate extent of demanding the acceptance of an obscure faculty like telepathy.

But I am bound to say that the treatment here is not as worthy of a careful and responsible critic as is his treatment of subjects more closely allied with telepathy. I would even go so far as to say that his criticism of some experiments, such as those made by Sir W. Crookes, for instance, exhibits clear traces of what I may call conscientious or forensic unfairness; not only because definite assertions are questioned in a way which would undermine the record of any experiment ever made, but because their quotation is preceded by accounts of similar phenomena by over-enthusiastic and incompetent witnesses, whose accounts could not have any weight attached to them, and are only quoted in order to preju-

dice a fair contemplation of the subject.

If I am wrong in attaching some credence to careful records of unusual physical phenomena, on the strength of actual experience of my own, I wish the statement that I do so to stand as a personal confession in the pages of this scientific journal which will be readily accessible to posterity.

Concerning Mr. Podmore's other scepticisms, however, though I do not by any means in every case agree with them, his criticisms are reasonable and competent; and all the disbelief that he possessed on those subjects he was entitled to, inasmuch as he devoted much time to their consideration, and made a careful scrutiny of the evidence. He was not exactly a first-hand investigator himself, but he diligently studied the work of others. His opinion, therefore, is of weight, and, whether unduly sceptical or not, cannot be lightly estimated like that of persons who pronounce a positive and dogmatic judgment on no evidence at all.

Nature.

The objection which I sometimes feel to Mr. Podmore's books is that they appear to furnish readers with a succinct summary of the evidence available, whereas they really only furnish selections of that evidence—made to some extent from the point of view of their bearing on his favorite hypothesis. These very readable and in some respects learned books may be useful in opening up the question and arousing interest, provided always that they do not quench it, but they have the flaws inseparable from second-hand testimony. The evidence cannot really be studied in any such volumes. It is probably true that conviction can only be attained by first-hand experience of the facts themselves; but, short of this, the evidence must be scrutinized in the recorded observations of the actual experimenters—such records, for instance, as are contained in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, and those made by earlier pioneers who in face of much obloquy and ridicule preceded and rendered possible its work.

Oliver Lodge.

## THE HEXMINSTER SCANDAL.

By W. E. CULE.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE MAN FROM KINGSLAND.

David Morgan's return supplied Hexminster with a pleasant sensation, and the cottage on the Green became a place of pilgrimage. All the intimate friends of the old people went to congratulate them and to study their son, and many others went out of curiosity. The general impression was a favorable one—probably, reflected Allison, because people had not expected too much. The colonist was bluff and hearty, displaying a fair memory for old faces and a due sense of gratitude for kindnesses

shown to his parents. He intimated that he was doing well in Kingsland, and would return very shortly.

The Rector was one of his earliest visitors, and his experience was a gratifying one. He found Morgan sitting in the limited garden of the cottage, reading a newspaper.

"He was in his shirt-sleeves, it appears," said Mrs. Hellier, who related the incident at the tea-table, "and probably without a collar. A man of that class never wears a collar if he can help it. And he told the Rector that he wished to give twenty guineas to the National Schools Fund as an acknowl-

edgment of the debt he owed them for his education."

"That was very good, don't you think?" ventured Allison.

"The poor Rector is so easily pleased," said Mrs. Hellier, "that almost any one may be tempted to please him."

At her first coming to Hexminster, Miss Vicars had decided that the Rector was a member of the Kingdom of Heaven. At that time her own generous instincts had been the arbitrators, but her aunt had pointed out to her later that he was only a well-meaning simpleton. Mistakes of this kind had been less frequent for the last year or two.

"And the poor man," said Mrs. Hellier grimly, "did a very absurd thing. He actually invited this Morgan to visit the schools and talk to the boys. He will probably do it, too; it is just the kind of function such a person would delight in. But I hope the Rector won't expect us to be present on that occasion."

Mrs. Hellier would have been amazed at the suggestion that she had any animus against the Morgans; but, as a matter of fact, the old people's independence of her parish doles had always been a little trouble to her. Besides, Allison had favored them; and every fancy of that kind on the girl's part was open to grave suspicion. With a constant weeding out of absurd views and imaginations, she felt that in time her niece would be worthy of her guardianship.

To Allison the subject presented no field for argument, and in any case her aunt was a difficult person to argue with. She was possessed of a certain chilly dignity, the product of long years of petty rule and unchecked tyranny. You may remember that she was portly in person and tall, with large, harsh features and prominent eyes; and there were few in the parish who did not

fear her, while there were none who liked her. The girl abandoned the topic, therefore, and in a few minutes forgot it altogether.

Half-an-hour later, however, when she was dropping a couple of letters into the pillar-box at the corner of the street, she was startled by a touch on the shoulder from some one who had come up behind her; and a loud voice said blandly:

"Excuse me, miss!"

It was David Morgan himself, with the noticeable colonial headgear and a friendly smile. Apparently he failed to observe any trace of dismay in her surprise.

"Did I startle you?" he asked in the same tone. "I'm sure I didn't mean to. But you're the very one I wanted to see. Are you going this way? I'll come along, if you don't mind."

She had turned, unwittingly, towards the Mill Lane, considerably embarrassed and not at all gratified. She had caught sight of the blue-flannel wristbands, and they distressed her. But Morgan, walking at her side, began to explain his business. To know when you are not wanted is a faculty not given to all.

"I wanted to tell you, miss, how grateful I am for your kindness to my old folks. They are full of it—and so am I."

"There is nothing to thank me for," said Allison quickly. "They are on my aunt's list, and I called on her account."

"I know that, of course. But the calling wasn't everything. 'Tisn't many would have read newspapers to them and listened to their talk. It couldn't have been a light matter."

"I am afraid you make too much of it," she said briefly.

"That's impossible. I'm sure no one else would have listened as you did to their praise of their absent son, much less taking an interest in his doings."



"Heavens!" thought Miss Vicars, "I hope he is not taking that interest as a compliment to himself!" And aloud she answered, still more coldly (for at that moment she was fresh from the influence of Mrs. Hellier, and his appearance reminded her of the talk at the tea-table), "My interest, I am afraid, was altogether in the old people, Mr. Morgan. . . . But I must not take you farther out of your way."

She paused at the entrance to the lane, resolving to dismiss him here; but to her dismay, he refused to be dismissed or to notice her rebuke.

"Are you going towards the Mill?" he asked quickly. "Then, if you don't mind, I will walk with you. I haven't been there since I came home—and it used to be a favorite walk of mine."

"A favorite walk of yours?" said the girl, surprised.

"I should rather say so. I'll tell you all about it presently. Why, I know every inch of it by heart."

Because her attention was diverted thus—for it was her favorite walk too—she failed to dismiss him, and in a moment discovered, with a bad grace, that the memorable journey had actually begun. And yet we may suspect that she was not so distressed as might have been expected, for in spite of his lack of culture there was certainly something agreeable in the man's voice and manner. After the first few moments his company almost ceased to be offensive, though she hoped fervently that they would meet none of the people she knew. The shadow of the scandal was, in fact, already upon her mental horizon.

So they went on together—she silent and dignified, he keeping up a rambling conversation full of reminiscences. The frankness of his tone and the sincerity of his glance were at any rate enjoyable, the poor girl decided mentally. The Mill Lane, he remarked, was in better condition now than in the

old days, when every shower of rain had turned it into a quagmire; but of course there was now a Parish council to attend to these matters; . . . and, in spite of a certain lack of sentiment, these iron swing-gates, too, were better than the tall wooden stiles of twenty years ago. Then they reached the first of the Mill Fields, with the glistening windows of the Bishop's Palace on its farther side catching the golden beams of the western sun. As a boy he had played cricket and football in that field, with the rudest of appliances, but with the purest of enjoyment and the most intense seriousness. It had been one of the greatest events of his early life when, on one Saturday afternoon, the second footman at the Palace, finding the Palace team only nine strong against a junior eleven of the Cathedral School, had invited him to make the tenth.

"The second footman was captain of the Palace eleven," he said, "and, for the first time, in authority over the butler. I remember well the airs he carried. They were his ruin, for the Palace eleven never turned out again. But I was very proud of the invitation to play for them—footmen and butlers were very great personages to me in those days. Some one said that the Bishop himself was watching the game from his study window. I don't believe it now, but I certainly did believe it then. It helped me to do tremendous execution upon the schoolboys' bowling. I had a dim fancy that after the game his lordship would stride down into the field and pat me on the head in public."

For the first time Allison laughed. She had once met the late Bishop of Hexminster, a prelate whose whole aspect had suggested personal meanness and ecclesiastical disdain. She would have thought him the most unlikely person in the world to watch the Palace servants play cricket. Morgan laughed

also, with an almost boyish heartiness, if a trifle too loudly. She noticed now that, in spite of his carelessness with regard to the razor, there was nothing objectionable in his face. It might have been called a good face, and it was distinctly a forceful one. The frankness and openness, too, were redeeming qualities.

"Those were good days," he said. "Much as we enjoyed them, we could not guess how good they were. Well, I have been inquiring about some of the fellows who played with me; and if you'll come this way, perhaps I can show you something. Please do!"

He was turning out of the public path—they were in the second field now—and leading the way across the grass towards the Mill stream, whose course was marked by a line of old trees—horse-chestnuts and sycamores. To her surprise, she found herself following passively, perhaps because he had taken her consent for granted. There was a narrow ditch to cross, and he turned to help her over. She avoided his hand; but, as she saw afterwards, the amazing thing was that she had followed him at all. In a moment he had marked out, with the very slightest hesitation, a straight, tall sycamore, which flung its branches far over the stream.

"Look!" he said; "the bark of the tree is almost covered with names and initials. It was our habit in those days to make our mark in this way. Can you see mine?"

That tree-stem might have formed a study for a whole afternoon. As the tree had grown it had twisted many of the marks into illegibility, while it had given others a rugged strength and clearness which the original craftsmen had never anticipated. But after a brief examination Miss Vicars saw, well above all the other marks, a bold, deep-cut "D. M." set in a circle of imposing proportions.

"It took me a good two hours one day," said the author meditatively. "I felt a desire to set my mark above all the others, and to cut it deep. In those days I was full of dreams; but there was no dream that did not include a return to this spot some day to see what had become of my mark and to compare the actual achievement with the ideal. And that part, at least, comes true this evening."

Allison found it difficult to comprehend all this; not what the man said—for that was clear enough—but the fact that he was saying it after only half-an-hour's acquaintance, and to her, and that such a man should say such things at all. This breezy revelation of thought and sentiment was absolutely new to her experience, and entirely foreign to the element in which she lived her daily life. But there was something in herself, alas! that was not foreign to it, and that began to respond with a growing sense of kindness. His speech was uncultivated, no doubt; but perhaps the spirit was more than the expression. She listened with pleasure for more, and the more took a somewhat surprising form.

"Some of the old names are hard to read and harder to remember now," said Morgan. "That little 'T.S.' is for Theo Smith; he keeps the little grocer's shop on the Green, as his father did before him. That 'C. B. B.' is for Charlie Bates, my particular chum. We were bosom friends for three years, and then the family left the place. We never wrote to each other—we boys would never have shown such sentiment, and would have scorned the suggestion—and I have never seen him since; but more than once, in the Bush, I have found myself suddenly awake at night with my thoughts full of him and the longing to see him again. Queer how the heart turns over its old treasure-chest sometimes in the lonely places of the earth. . . . And there's an-

other name—Lewis Garland's." Allison started guiltily, but he did not seem to notice. "You'll observe that in cutting his initials he chose a place which was not big enough, and cut through another fellow's name which had been there before. I thought it very mean of him at the time, and wanted to fight him for it; and after I had done my own up there, I warned him solemnly that if it was ever tampered with I would hold him responsible and punch him without asking a question. No; Garland and I never seemed to hit it off together. They say he is doing very well now at Westhampton Docks; and he was always an able fellow, at least."

With a certain constraint, which she tried to conceal, Miss Vicars turned away from the tree. And he pursued his train of thoughts with the same engaging freedom.

"There was no end to our dreams," he said. "My favorite one would be rather bad to beat. I was to go to South America, and, by sheer military and administrative genius, build up all those states into a magnificent empire—Brazil and Peru, Chili and Argentine, and all the smaller fry—into one great world-power, with myself on the throne. Mayne Reid, I may say, was one of my favorite authors then. And when I had firmly established myself as emperor I would make a tour of the world, visiting first my native city of Hexminster. My yacht, with a cruiser squadron in attendance, would steam into Westhampton Harbor one fine summer morning, and I would land at the pier-head, to make my progress through the town on a white horse with a long tail, like Napoleon's charger—a pure Arab, of course. On Sunday I would attend service in state at the Cathedral, with my father and mother on my right and left; and after the service I would interview the Rector in the vestry, and present him with a cheque

for ten thousand pounds, to end all his numerous small parish worries for the rest of his life."

"That would be quite impossible," said Allison; and for the second time she laughed.

"I am afraid so. I understand him better now. He would not be happy if he were not bearing some one else's distress."

"Then you like the Rector?" she asked quickly.

"Ah, yes! He is one of the elect. Soon after I went to Australia I felt impelled to write and tell him how sorry I was for some boyish trick by which I had given him trouble. He answered on the day my letter reached him, and I have that answer still. . . . One of the things that came out to me recently was a picture postcard bearing his portrait. I was astonished and shocked to see how white he had grown, and I should not like to say how much that picture helped to hasten my return to England. Yes, he is one of the elect among men."

She was intensely pleased, though she said nothing. From that moment this man, vulgar or not vulgar, had a distinct bond of sympathy with her; and though she could not have respected his opinion—how was such a thing possible?—her old view of the Rector rose in her mind clear and strong, never again to be wholly defaced.

"It is not comforting to compare the achievement with the dream," he went on easily. "But it is always improving to one's character" [unfortunately he pronounced it "karrater"]. "But that's life all over. If a man finds, in twenty-five years, that he has exchanged five thousand golden dreams for five thousand golden sovereigns in the bank, should he not be satisfied?"

"So few do so much as that."

"True."

The South American emperor appearing as an unshaven colonist with a

Gladstone bag, the Rector's gift of ten thousand pounds reduced to twenty guineas, and the vision of a prince of all the graces finding its only realization at last in Mr. Lewis Garland! Miss Vicars smiled and sighed at the same time.

She had no time to wonder what magic atmosphere this man was casting around her, for just then they reached the Mill. In front of the Mill the stream passes under the roadway, gushing out from the arch of the bridge with terrific noise and force as the great wheel drives it. The stream is protected and screened by a stout stone wall, which, however, is only breast-high; and it was to this wall that Morgan led the way. She followed him meekly now, and entirely without surprise. She had somehow known that he would turn to this spot, that he would be aware of the secret connected with it.

"Lean on the wall," he said a little more loudly, so that he could be heard above the churning of the wheel, "and look down into the water. After looking hard for a little while, you will begin to think that the water is almost stationary and that it is the bridge that moves, with you upon it. What! you have tried this before?"

"Oh yes," said Alison; "long ago."

Morgan laughed, but did not look up. "I knew you had," he said, to her astonishment. And then he went on without explaining. "This is the ship on which I sailed to South America; this is the yacht on which I returned to visit the old town. I am afraid I spent many stolen hours on this ship of mine. Such a ship, too—one that would take any form or any direction I pleased, regardless of wind, weather, and circumstances, and with no fellow-passengers to disturb the illusion!"

Miss Vicars was looking into the water, but suddenly tore her gaze away with a sense of shock. The ship had

begun to move indeed, but in that moment she remembered that she was *not* alone in the illusion this time. They were a party of two on this ship of dreams, and the other passenger was a man—and *this* man! Almost with a gasp she looked up. He did the same; questioningly. It was necessary to say something.

"When do you return to Kingsland?" she asked breathlessly.

He shook himself clear of the ship of dreams. "To Kingsland?" he repeated. "In a month or two, I suppose. I have a few commissions to do in London for some of my mates. Yes, in a month or two."

"And do you like the idea of going back?"

It was a stupidly conventional question, and she was a little ashamed of it. But her companion treated it with a certain respect, at least. He answered conventionally.

"Ah," he said, "it is a great land—a great land!"

Another moment or two, and the extraordinary creature was telling her about it. He took a pencil and began to draw a rude map upon the smooth, white stone upon which they leaned. This map showed the outlines of the older states, and he described how the newest government had become necessary and how it had been formed. A small cross on the sea-board marked the site of the capital, where already a great city was rising to be the centre of life and commerce. He showed how it opened its gates to the trade-routes of the Southern seas, so that the wealth of a hemisphere might flow into it under the shadow of the old flag. Kingsland and New Tyre—these were names that he uttered without any traces of a vulgar intonation. And then he passed on to speak of even wider visions—of the possibilities of the balance of the world's life and business, pomp and circumstance, shifting some

day to the lands under the Southern Cross, and resting there as it had hitherto rested in the Northern worlds. And when that day came Kingsland would be perhaps a world-power, and the New Tyre greater than the old.

Afterwards, when the scandal was discovered, Alison was forced to believe that all this was a farrago of nonsense, parrot-echoes of the blatant talk of vulgar newspapers in that raw, red land, little bits stolen from the public speeches of that great orator who was now Premier of Kingsland. As she listened, however, she had no suspicion of this, and only wondered that this man should entertain or utter such views. She had a vague impression that they were all of a piece with his previous communications, and that she had somehow come into contact with a nature quaintly romantic. Under this impression, her dislike vanished for ever. No; she could never really dislike the man again—never. With all his vulgarity, he was yet a kindred spirit. So in that glamour she listened, almost breathlessly at times, until he paused. Then she raised her eyes from the map, and he slipped the pencil back into his pocket.

"There!" he said. "What a talker I am! I have done little else since I came upon you this evening. I suppose it is because I have not met a chum for some time."

His frankness was surely outrageous. At that word she started and looked up; and he seemed to misunderstand the look.

"Oh, yes," he said confidently; "I knew you were one just as soon as I set eyes on you."

She should have been displeased, and wondered afterwards that her surprise contained no such element. To conceal her embarrassment, she prepared to move away; and he acquiesced in the movement. They went straight back along the road, but instead of en-

tering the fields again, took the other way homeward. In a few minutes they had left the Mill road, and were on the broad and dusty thoroughfare that enters Hexminster from the direction of Westhampton.

Morgan had less to say afterwards, and seemed a little subdued at the recollection of his own communicativeness. He talked, indeed, but without the confidential enthusiasm of the previous hour. As they went she sometimes stole a look at him, and wondered how old he was. She believed he was about thirty-eight, and decided that for a man of that age he was singularly boyish. That romantic and enthusiastic attitude towards existence—that ever-present sense of the unexhausted possibilities of the future—was not that the secret of perpetual youth? In the Hellier and Hexminster atmosphere she had almost lost it—at twenty-seven.

Then she looked at him again, and wondered where her first distaste for him had gone. This was a question she could not answer then; but she answered it later, when there was no one else near—answered it, of course, by the romantic standards which his easy talk had restored to her. She believed that for some reason or other—perhaps because he had divined the existence of some mysterious sympathy, only waiting to be awakened—he had opened his heart to her; and she had found it full of generous sympathy, rich in pleasant memories. Apparently in twenty years he had forgotten nothing that was good to remember, retained nothing that was contemptible. Vaguely she knew that this was a true man, and the first she had met since her father had died; and the contact stirred in her a thousand sentimental impulses which had become dormant.

But as they walked he, too, sometimes stole a secret look at her, and decided that she was good to gaze upon. She pleased him even more than

she had done when he had met her first on the threshold of his mother's cottage, and when her presence had rendered him so ill at ease. Strange that such a girl should have been left for him to woo! But then he remembered her environment, the little Cathedral city, where all was old and still, and where a stagnant society moved in an existence full of trifling conventions unshaken by the breath of the outside world. New faces seldom came into it, and the stream of life passed it by, a sleepy backwater. Besides, there was the aunt, that formidable dragon who kept such jealous watch over the poor girl and her little treasure. It would want a man of strong heart indeed to face such an inquisition as that.

Presently a rumble of wheels and creaking of harness behind, and the omnibus from Westhampton passed them. On the top sat several passengers, most of them men who were in business at Westhampton, but resided at Hexminster for various reasons. Had there been a train-service the old city could not have retained its atmosphere of cloistered quiet; but this red-and-yellow omnibus was the only mode of conveyance. One of those who rode on it, a dark, short-bearded man of

gentlemanly appearance, raised his hat as he passed, and smiled in salute.

Apparently Morgan was not aware that it was within his province to acknowledge the courtesy. He simply stared, and almost immediately asked a question. He was a rude man.

"Who was that?"

"That," said Allison, "was Mr. Lewis Garland."

There was a pause.

"Do you know him, then?" asked Morgan doubtfully. "I never thought of that."

"He sometimes calls," she explained. "He is on one or two of my aunt's parochial committees."

It was in that way that Garland saw them together. He watched them until a tall hedge intervened, and gave no indication that the incident had affected him in any way. But two men who knew him were on the same omnibus, and afterwards left it at the "Black Lion" to walk up the road together.

"I wonder," said one in a reflective way, "whether there is anything in those rumors about Garland and Miss Vicars."

"If there is," replied the other with conviction, "our friend from Australia may look out for squalls!"

*Chambers's Journal.*

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ODES OF SOLOMON.

The Christian books produced in the age which immediately succeeded that of the first Disciples are few in number, and, for the most part, poor in quality. Dr. Lightfoot's English version of the collected writings of the "Apostolic Fathers" does not contain (in printers' reckoning) more than one hundred thousand words. That is to say, if we exclude the Canonical writings of the New Testament, the extant remains of

Christian literature before 150 A.D. might easily be printed in a single volume of modest size. These relics of primitive piety are mostly letters with a homiletical flavor, while they include a manual of Christian instruction and a curious allegorical treatise entitled "The Shepherd." But they are interesting only to the student of Christian origins, their literary quality being poor indeed. Within the last six months



a notable addition has been made to our scanty collection of early Christian books by Dr. Rendel Harris, who has discovered in a Syriac version an ancient collection of hymns or poems, of which heretofore we had known little more than the fact that they were at one time current in Christian circles. The "Odes of Solomon" are mentioned in some of the extant lists of Church books, and they were quoted both in East and West in the third and fourth centuries of our era. But of their contents we knew practically nothing, and it is a delightful surprise to find, now that they have come to light, that they are poems of striking beauty as well as of spiritual dignity. Why they were given the name of Solomon no one knows, and it does not matter much. Nor have scholars yet come to an agreement as to their date or as to the source of their inspiration. Dr. Harris believes them to be early Christian hymns, produced about 100 A.D., but Dr. Harnack of Berlin would put them further back. He believes the *Grundschrift* to be Jewish rather than Christian; they are, for him, Jewish poems worked over by a Christian editor, and are of the highest historical importance as witnessing to a phase of Jewish mysticism which found its culmination in the Fourth Gospel. The questions of the date and theological standpoint of the author of the Odes are not yet settled, and they may be left to theologians to determine. But whether they were originally Jewish or Christian, whether they are the utterances of a mystic or of a sacramentalist, and whether their date is 70 A.D. or 150 A.D., the Odes of Solomon are undoubtedly the most remarkable relic, outside the New Testament, of the devotional literature of the sub-Apostolic period that has survived the chances of time.

The allusions to the Old Testament which the Odes contain are recondite and curious; but, while there is no di-

rect quotation from the New Testament, the illustrations of New Testament thoughts, and especially of the Johannine writings, are bold and striking. "I should not have known how to love the Lord if He had not loved me," and "Ask and abound and abide in the love of the Lord, ye beloved ones in the Beloved," recall the characteristic teaching of the Fourth Gospel about the divine love. Even more remarkable is the doctrine of the Word of which the Odes are full. "The mouth of the Lord is the true Word and the door of His Light . . . for the swiftness of the Word is inexpressible. It is light and the dawning of thought . . . for the dwelling place of the Word is man, and its truth is love." "The Word of the Lord searcheth out all things, both the invisible and that which reveals His thought." And the doctrine of Creation by the Word of God, indicated in the profound prologue to the Fourth Gospel, is thus clothed with poetry: "There is nothing that is without the Lord, for He was before anything came into being; and the worlds were made by His Word and by the thought of His Heart." The singer, whoever he be, is moving in the same high regions of thought as the Fourth Evangelist. He returns again and again to the Johannine thoughts of light, life, love, knowledge, faith, grace, truth, immortality. If Dr. Harnack be right in thinking that the Odes are the product of Jewish rather than of Christian mysticism, their discovery is, as he says, "epoch-making"; for they would provide the connecting link between Judaism and St. John, and suggest the kind of man the author of the Fourth Gospel may have been before he became a Christian. This is, perhaps, to go too fast; but in any case the Odes provide us with a welcome example of that mystical side of Christian teaching which some have supposed to be a quite singular phenom-

non as it appears in the Fourth Gospel.

It is very curious, on any hypothesis, that from first to last there is no hint, throughout the whole collection, of sin, of repentance, or forgiveness. The singer exults in the freedom and the joy of the spiritual life, and is not oppressed by any sense of its difficulties. His meditations would be comparable to Keble's "Christian Year" were it not for the continuous exaltation of his spirit, which will not stoop to contemplate the failures of human endeavor. "As the sun is the joy to them that seek for its daybreak, so is my joy the Lord; because He is my Sun and His rays have lifted me up; and His light hath dispelled all darkness from my face. In Him I have acquired eyes and have seen His holy day; ears have become mine, and I have heard His truth. The thought of knowledge hath been mine, and I have been delighted by means of it. The way of error I have left, and have walked towards Him and have received salvation from Him without grudging."

Here is another similitude:—"As the wings of doves over their nestlings, and the mouths of their nestlings towards their mouths, so also are the wings of the Spirit over my heart; my heart is delighted and exults, like the babe who exults in the womb of his mother. I believed and therefore I was at rest; for faithful is He in whom I have believed: He has richly blessed me, and my head is with Him: and the sword shall not divide me from Him, nor the scimitar; for I am ready before destruction comes, and I have

been set on His immortal pinions."

The trustfulness of the soul as it contemplates the love of God is expressed here with an unmeasured confidence which presupposes deep spiritual experiences. Indeed, we shall search the literature of Christianity long and curiously before we come upon spiritual songs of greater intensity than the Odes of Solomon. The imagery is of the simplest:—"As the honey distills from the comb of the bees, and the milk flows from the woman that loves her children: so also is my hope on Thee, my God. As the fountain gushes out its water, so my heart gushes out the praise of the Lord." There is a directness in this which is eloquent of sincerity of feeling, and which forbids all vulgar ornament or rhetoric.

Here is a final quotation, in praise of Truth:—"I went up to the light of Truth as if into a chariot: and the Truth took me and led me: and carried me across pits and gulleys; and from the rocks and waves it preserved me: and it became to me an instrument of Salvation: and set me on the arms of immortal life: and it went with me and made me rest and suffered me not to wander, because it was the Truth; and I ran no risk, because I walked with Him; and I did not make an error in anything because I obeyed the Truth." *Prævalet veritas.* The singer is as sure of this as he is of his own delight in heavenly meditations: "My joy is the Lord, and my running is towards Him: this is my excellent path."

The Spectator.

OLD CLOTHES.

Scene—A Dressing-room. Time—11.30

A.M. A large wardrobe stands open with all its drawers pulled out. All other drawers in other articles of furniture in the room are also pulled out. Little heaps of clothes, shirts, underwear, etc., cover the floor, the bed, the chairs and the table. She is standing in the midst of the ruin. He enters suddenly.

He. Oh, you're here, are you? I've been hunting for you all over the—I say, by Jove, what have you been up to with my clothes?

She. I'm just looking through them.

He. But I never asked you to look through them.

She. No, Charles, you didn't. There are lots of things I do without being asked. Who gets the buttons sewed on to your shirts? Who has the naughty holes in your socks mended? Who—but, of course, if you want me not to I'll never do it again, no never.

He. But this isn't a button-sewing business. There are no holes in my coats and waistcoats, and if there were you couldn't mend them. Come, what's your game?

She. In the first place, you've no right to be here at all.

He. What! Not in my own dressing-room? Isn't that a bit steep?

She. I repeat, you've no right to be here. You said you were going to London this morning, and—

He. I haven't gone. Changed my mind.

She. A man has no business to change his mind. For all practical purposes I consider you are in London. You don't exist here. I don't acknowledge you. Go away, person. I've nothing for you.

He. He'll soon show you if I'm here or not.

[He seizes a heap of clothes and is about to restore them to the wardrobe.]

She. Stop! Those clothes are mine.

He. Yours! My old shooting suit!

She. Yes, mine. My dear Charles, you simply can't wear them any more. They're falling to pieces, and what's left of them is inches deep in dirt. I claim them.

He. Well, you're not going to have them. They're the only really comfortable shooting things I've ever had.

She. Charles, it shall never be said that I wasn't reasonable. You shall keep your dear old oily shooting things, but you must give me this brown suit instead. It's a sacrifice, but for your sake I'll make it.

He. But what in thunder do you want the clothes for? You can't wear them.

She. And how do you expect Mrs. Bradish's eldest boy to get a place as under footman if he hasn't got a decent suit to his back?

He. I never had any expectations of any kind about him. I don't know him. I don't know Mrs. Bradish.

She. Well, it's high time you did. How do you expect people not to be Socialists if you're going to be so haughty and exclusive?

He. Oh, stop it. Who is she?

She. Mrs. Bradish is a widow. She has five sons. They all live in a cottage, and the sons all require clothes.

He. So that's what you've been up to. A little quiet clothes-stealing.

She. Pooch!

He. What would you say if I were to have a turn amongst your clothes, and bag some of your frocks and things?

She. I should say you were a very impudent person.

He. But what's the difference?

She. All the difference in the world. Do you want Master Bradish to offer

himself for a footman in a frock of mine? Really, Charles, you mustn't be so ridiculous.

*He.* But I wanted to give that brown suit to Parkins.

*She.* A butler in a brown suit? Charles, it's not to be thought of. Besides, I don't like you to give your clothes to Parkins.

*He.* Why not? He valets me.

*She.* Well, I don't like it. The fact is, I've noticed that your clothes look ever so much better on Parkins than they ever did on you.

*He.* I've noticed that myself. Can't make it out.

*She.* Oh, I don't know. Parkins is Punch.

a handsome figure of a man, you know. Fine portly presence, good legs, and——

*He.* We won't worry about Parkins's other points.

*She.* No, Charles. Well, then, the brown suit's mine; and I shall want an extra pair of trousers—these striped ones will do—and a shirt or two and a sock or so. May I, Charles?

*He.* Oh, take anything you like.

*She.* Generous, noble-hearted creature! But you came up here to tell me something. What was it?

*He.* I only wanted to tell you I hadn't gone to London.

*She.* Well, tell me quick, and then you can run away.

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## THE SHIP IN SAIL.

It suited the common irony of time that the largest sailing ship which ever walked the water should suffer wreck from a daily steam ferry, plying between shore and shore of the Channel. There is something human in the story—that first shock as she encountered a smaller but stronger force, like the bullet so amazing to a high-born knight, taking the field with rich caparisons and pennoned lance. And then the bewildered attempts of the wounded creature to cast anchor, to be pulled by steamers into safety, and even to stagger home to the port so proudly left—the dragging anchors, the parted cables, the irresistible thrust of wind and waves, the helpless drift against the rocks at the foot of Dover cliffs. There the "Preussen" lay—largest example of man's primeval and most daring adventure, as powerless as a hollow log against the storm. A wicker coracle, bound with hides, and supplied with fat, could have fared no worse.

How fine was the account that reports gave even of her rigging! Five

masts she had, and on each mast she carried a lower yard, upper and lower topsail yards, upper and lower top-gallant yards, and a royal yard. And besides all these square sails, good enough while Trade Winds blew steadily behind, she could set fifteen fore-and-aft sails—the only sails that count for manœuvring against the weather. Can finer names be imagined than the top-gallant sail or the main-royal? What centuries of contrivance and inherited knowledge are shown in the mere catalogue of spars and ropes required to spread the wings of such a vessel—cross-jack yard, upper mizzen-topsail-yard, bowsprit-shrouds, bob-stays, martingales, clew-garnets, or spanker-boom topping-lifts! To say nothing of other ancient accessories such as dead-eyes, lanyards, and belaying-pins—those favored weapons of cruel boatswains and desperate mutineers. To master the very words and fit them right to all the various bits is a science in itself, like entomology or the study of an unknown tongue, and the long romance of the past has touched the very rope-ends

with a splendor certainly not their own.

No such historical summary as the sailing-ship now lives. An ancient history of shipping tells us that Noah was the first shipbuilder; the first to entrust himself upon the water, his heart armored with triple brass. But compulsion rather than adventure inspired his enterprise, and the Ark, having no destination, had no sails. For the originator of the "Preussen" we must rather turn to an uncouth being of a more innocent age than Noah's. Seated astride a fallen tree, from which he had torn off most of the branches, he was urging it across a lake, partly with his hands and feet, but partly, also, with a flattened bough that his grandmother had found more effective than her hands. Pausing to rest and enjoy the cool wind that tempered the sun upon his back and helped to dry his fur, he observed, with grunting surprise, that the tree continued to progress without his own sweaty efforts. He observed that when he squared his shoulders and raised his arms, it progressed the faster, and he glided to the opposite shore like a winged god, unruffled and serene. Next day, the forest was uprooted, and the whole surface of the lake crowded with tree-trunks, bestridden by uncouth beings, screaming in emulation. To cross the lake was now a thing of wonder and delight, but, as with toboggan or ski, the trouble came of getting back to the starting-place for another turn of joy. About a week later, the first sailor discovered that by pressing one foot hard against the water he could bring his tree sideways on, and by keeping his back still square to the wind could continue to progress right athwart the course of his competitors. Cries of vengeance arose, but the inmost secret of sailing had been revealed. Within a month, pressing first one foot against the water and then the other, and squaring his

back this way or that on the opposite side to his foot, he slowly navigated his tree by a long process of zigzags right back against the shore from which he started, though the wind had not changed. Loud were the yells and snortings of astonishment, but the rest was all plain sailing now. To hold up a banana leaf as an extended back, to substitute a stick for the backbone, to drive it into the trunk and run it twice through the banana leaf, to substitute another stick for the foot and push it against the water, first on one side and then on the other, to stitch many leaves together, to use the skins of wild beasts instead of leaves, and, where skins failed, to steal the loosely woven garments of the women, to tie them to the stick with sinews and tendrils—these devices were the work of only a few generations, and there the sailing ship stood complete, as you may behold it to this day challenging wind and wave on many a savage coast, or on the topmost pond of Hampstead's swarthy moor.

Thence came the dug-outs, swifter and more formidable than the officers of reserve who bear their name; thence the silent canoes, with carved and painted eyes upon the prow, espying their course through darkness; thence the red barges of the Thames, and the white wings that never grow weary. With no other art the Tyrian traders ventured outside the pillared straits, or, penetrating the Red Sea, coasted Africa until, sailing westward, they beheld the sun upon their right hand at noon—a tale incredible. With no other art the friends of Agamemnon anchored their lines of ships—hollow, dark-prowed, or with vermillion cheeks—upon the Trojan beach, and Ulysses set his helm to Arcturus and Orion. It is true that in one passage his rudder is described as in the bow, or rather both in the bow and the stern; for the Cyclops, when he threw a rock in front

of the ship, nearly knocked off the rudder, and when he threw a second rock behind the ship, he nearly knocked it off again. But this, as Samuel Butler showed, is only an additional proof that the *Odyssey* was written by a poet-ess, who, naturally, was not quite sure whether the rudder should be in the front or back of a ship, and so put it in both, intending to scratch out whichever was wrong, and then forgetting to inquire.

Time would fail to tell of the sails that bore Columbus, or of those that continued their pleasant noise while the first ship rounded the Horn. Nor can we speak of the brilliant sails that rigged the "Golden Vanitie" or took the "Sun of Venice" far beyond the Adriatic; nor of the worn canvas that adventured on the Spanish Main, or wafted Captain Cook among the undiscovered archipelagoes, or was torn to ribbons at Trafalgar. All such fond records of old time have passed into the ship with sails, and as we watch a three-master moving westward, with the sunset orange upon her canvas, it is not her we see, but the incarnate epitome of innumerable memories—the traditions of all the strangest ventures and revelations that mankind has known. "There go the ships," cried the Psalmist, praising the wonder of God's handicraft, nor did leviathan himself, taking his sport in the sea, appear to him a greater miracle.

In certain primitive and necessary things there lies an irresistible appeal. We perceive it in a wind-mill, a water-mill, a threshing-floor, a wine-press, a cottage-loom, a spindle, a baking oven, and even in a pitcher, a hearth-stone, or a wheel. There we see the eternal necessities of mankind in their ancient, most natural form, and, whether by long association with the satisfaction of some need, or simply by their fitness for utility, they have acquired a peculiar quality of beauty. The sail be-

longs to the same class of natural and primitive contrivance, and it is beautiful in whatever form it may be cut, or in whatever service it may be used, even when it is degraded from the galleon or the pirate to the mere pleasure yacht of Cowes. For the construction of the hull, iron may take the place of wood, and steel of iron, but as long as the sail remains, the sea will still reflect the open heaven of romance. Steam may come and steam may go, but the vessel puffs her sail; "there gloom the dark, broad seas." With sloping masts and dipping prow, while the furrow followed free—it was not in a "ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws" that the Ancient Mariner could have sped southward to the seas where the white moonshine glimmered through fog-smoke white.

But, after all, it is easy to perceive the beauty of the past, and to regret the tender grace of things already growing obsolete. That way lies the maundering of archaism, and the self-conscious revivals of vanished arts and crafts. It is a harder and a finer task to recognize and welcome the grandeur of our hideous and existing cities, spouting fire from their hills, and varying with white steam the torrents of heavy smoke that pour from their chimneys. Rivers there are black and poisonous, the sunlight itself glimmers white and hardly casts a shadow. From shipyards beside the river bank, arises the interminable noise of hammering, as the rivets are driven into the re-echoing sides of vast, black steamers that would as soon think of putting out an oar as of hoisting a sail. There they stand, heavy and impenetrable, fitted out with fire and lightning, indifferent to the ways of the wind, ready to shear their courses round continents with the exactness of a planet on her orbit, and the punctuality of the stars. They, too, are the work of the con-



triving little man who rode upon the floating tree, and it is a poor mind that could do them no honor, even though their day was also passing, and al-

The Nation.

ready we seem to hear the fluttering of innumerable wings passing higher over the seas than the wild goose flies, with his perpetual gaggle.

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## HOME LIFE IN AMERICA.

The home life of what we may call middle-class America is very pleasant, at any rate for the young, judging by Mrs. Katherine G. Busbey's charming new book, "*Home Life in America*" (Methuen and Co., 10s. 6d. net). We hear about marriage and children, and the expenses of living and entertaining on large or small scales, and about life in the cities and in the wilds. Our author begins with the children. American children have a bad name abroad; but evidently they are fascinating at home, in spite of what seems to us the oddest of upbringings. We all knew that better-class children outside the circle of the very rich go to the free schools. Mrs. Busbey makes us see them setting off: "the twinkling by of black and brown stockings on the many sturdy legs, or the bobbling of a long line of umbrellas held over the many independent little heads of these hardy youngsters as they make their transit from comfortable homes to the public schools." But though we were aware that they all learned together, we did not know that the children of the professional class in America, both boys and girls, play in the streets. "Nurse guardianship" is very rare, is limited, indeed, to the very rich. Well-dressed and well-cared-for little boys and girls take care of themselves or of each other and play on the "side-walks." "It is amusing, after reading some incontrovertibly statistical article on the decline of the birth-rate, to walk, or try to make a continuous progress along, a residence street in any large American

city, for you are surrounded by a continual swirl of children." These well-fed little Yankees are bursting with energy. "They dodge about you as a post in chasing each other; you have to circumnavigate games of hop-scotch and jack-stones, until it seems as if Uncle Sam's miscalculations must be solely because of his inability to count his children." No more harm apparently comes of the common games than of the common teaching. It gives the children independence. Indoors the American mother is able to counteract any roughening effect which this liberty might have. "In their homes to-day the American children of well-to-do parents—children whose mothers are American gentlewomen, and whose fathers are prosperous business and professional men—are gentle mannered, perfectly obedient, outwardly civil, quick to take a hint, and not at all disagreeable companions." A pretty picture of unimpeachable domesticity is put before us of an American evening at home. Both parents devote themselves to their children, reading to them, helping them with their lessons, &c., &c. The boys are taught chivalry to their mothers and sisters from their infancy. Mrs. Busbey tells the following story as illustrative of the desired relation between American parents and their children:—"In the home of a man who would describe himself as 'just a plain business man' I discovered, pinned up in each of his four boys' rooms, a typewritten slip of paper, put there by the father, with these rules of life

thereon:—"Rule I.: Don't be saucy to your mother; she's the Queen. Rule II.: When you get into trouble come to your dad; he's your best friend. Rule III.: Play the game straight." The worst thing in American education appears to us to be the exciting nature of their "treats." "The foyers of so-called 'high-class vaudeville' theatres are thronged on Saturday afternoons with children—well-dressed, well-groomed youngsters—generally unattended." Children's parties seem to be designed to destroy their nerves. "At a lawn fête planned for a children's charity, one of the features was a real life-sized house put up for the occasion, to be set on fire and extinguished by a relay from the city fire-department. As the flames shot up the children danced about in nervous joy, and as the fire-engines dashed in they screamed in nervous ecstasy."

When boys get to be about fifteen they go, if they are destined for the University, to what are called "prep. schools." "Prep." means preparation. An amount of bullying goes on at these institutions which would, indeed, alarm English parents, accustomed to trust their boys to the sterner but far less rough discipline of our public-school life. The newcomer at a "prep." school is liable to be thrown out of a rowing-boat on cold dark nights, or to find himself with a bag tied over his head astride the bronze horse of a public statue in the neighboring town. Unless pneumonia or broken limbs ensue, the masters shut their eyes.

We do not get from this book a pleasing impression of American social life; indeed, for ordinary people who are not rich enough to indulge in display there may be said to be none. It is not, we are assured, the fashion in the States to ask one's friends into one's house unless one can offer them a feast or an entertainment. The exchanging of ideas and cutlets which takes place at

such short intervals among ordinary English folk is unknown in America, according to Mrs. Busbey. Emerson says that friendship requires leisure, and it is evident that after their earliest youth American men have no leisure. They live in and for their work, and an agreeable social life cannot be engendered by women alone. At the bottom of their hearts, too, ordinary Americans still hold to the old Puritan theory that society means amusement for the young, and the middle-aged have no concern in it. Social life means there the arranging by the mother of a "good time" for girls and boys, and the paying for it by the father. It is amazing to read what a proportion of a professional man's income is spent upon his daughters. The "coming out" of a girl in America is a serious business indeed. A ball must be given at which all that the family can possibly afford must be spent, and no one, neither father, mother, nor brothers, is unwilling to pinch and sacrifice for the girl's amusement. Her "good time," nevertheless, is probably short. After marriage the difficulty of maintaining a high standard of life without adequate servants will weigh upon her as long as she lives. Of course certain advantages for women arise out of this—to English minds—defect in American life. Servants are expensive. The money saved through their absence allows the American wife to have a great deal more pin-money than her sister of like position across the Atlantic. Too often, though, her life must be very hard. "In what other country would you find a college-education woman doing all of her housework, including washing and ironing, and often turning from presiding over the washtub to go into the parlor to help one child in its practice of a difficult passage of Beethoven or Chopin, or who, after ten hours of cooking and cleaning, sits down to tutor her boys in Latin and Greek for

their college preparation? Yet this is no sporadic instance, but a type of wide representation, particularly throughout the West." Home life in the West, however, appears to be very happy, and to be thought very desirable in America to-day. It has even, absurd as it sounds, become the fashion. "More and more summer travel sends its tide into the West. Indeed, the running of ranches as health retreats or summer resorts is becoming a very profitable feature of life in the West. The owners of these ranches get out prospectuses like the seashore hotel leaflet, assuring you of all the comfort under heaven, and still they are very assiduous in preserving the picturesque effect of the crudeness of early frontier life. For the Easterner wants to find the cowboys dressed as they do on the stage, and wants to boast on his return to the East that he has been 'roughing it.' So there are the best hair mattresses and springs but rough-hewn log bedsteads, and the men about the place wear elaborate 'chaps' (leather breeches with the outer seams decorated with slashed leather fringe) and most ostentatious spurs, and the perennial 'six-shooter' protruding from a rear pocket with calculated carelessness."

The tide of work and play has set West; the East is being abandoned; and the description we find here of latter-day New England is the only depressing thing in the book. The scattered population has become too poor. Abandoned farms lower the spirits of the traveller. "The effects of meagre living, hard work, and suppressed emotion are visible especially in the women." Nerves are weakened too often by poverty and hard work. "The bother with the Yankee is he rubs badly at the juncture of the soul and body." Deformed and idiot children, Mrs. Busbey declares, are nowhere so common as in New England, for the villagers marry among themselves and everybody is

related. We spare our readers the almost revolting details of this perverted heredity which our author quotes on p. 318. The women, Mrs. Busbey says, have neither charm nor vivacity; many of them degenerate into conscientious drudges. The men would appear to be industrious, dutiful, bitter, humorists. If one accepts Mrs. Busbey's statements as accurate, which the present writer is far from doing, one cannot help asking oneself whether the American is not a creature who requires a money diet. He may no doubt be overfed upon it and become gross and secular; without it he would seem unable to flourish at all.

As we put down this book we have a strange impression that we have been reading about two distinct and separate races, one called women and the other men. Mrs. Busbey does not dilate upon divorce, she turns from it, though she alludes to it as the great blot upon the social life of the States. Nevertheless, notwithstanding co-education, we have all through an extraordinary sense of cleavage between the sexes. An American woman, we are assured, never enters into her husband's business life—which appears to be the life by which he is always more or less preoccupied—neither does she ever take the remotest interest in politics. On the other hand, she alone is what we call cultivated. For her the writers write and all the arts are carried on. At the same time, though the American woman may be artistic, she is not in her teens romantic, and Mrs. Busbey assures us that she never met an American girl who read poetry except as a school task. Again, what Mrs. Busbey says of religion in America is remarkable. Religion, like poetry, would seem to be a school task. Parents have, she says, some extraordinary shyness about speaking of religion to their children. The latter all go to Sunday-school, and are all instructed in the va-

rious faiths of the nation. We do not gather for an instant that no thought is given to the subject. The immense output of theological books and human nature itself, as well as the evidence of the Sunday-schools, are against such an inference; but the religion of the children, like the business of the father, is not talked of in the home. Art, business, religion, the different ages, and the different sexes are all kept separate by some indefinable, invisible, and, as it seems to us, disintegrating, power which threatens, though it has not yet seriously injured, the happiness of life. What is it? This book nowhere definitely puts the question, but every-

*The Spectator.*

where suggests it,—and suggests no answer. It leaves, however, on the mind a vague sense of an all-pervading incompatibility.

We shall no doubt be told that Mrs. Busbey's picture of American home life is greatly exaggerated, or rather completely out of drawing, and also wanting in perspective. Very likely; but on this point the present writer cannot attempt to judge. All he has essayed to do is to summarize Mrs. Busbey's description, and, assuming the correctness of her facts—a very large assumption, he admits—to draw certain conclusions therefrom.

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### THE MAJOR ISSUE.

Both parties are now fairly launched upon the General Election, which will be over before Christmas. As usual, it is difficult to prophesy, but hopeful experts on either side do not expect to gain more than 20 seats. The country gentlemen, the brewers, and other interests which resented the last Budget are not inclined to repeat the tremendous efforts of last year. But against this must be set the old register, which may prove a great drawback to Liberal candidates in London and other large towns. In the City there is no expectation of a Unionist victory, and the reason for this despondency is, we think, to be found first in the major issue of the House of Lords, and, secondly, in the maintenance of a Tariff Reform programme (including a duty on grain and a higher duty on flour) by Mr. Balfour. On the question of the House of Lords, as on the question of Home Rule, the Conservative party has been hopelessly bewildered and bewildering during the last two or three months. One versatile writer who used to be a Fenian himself, and is now

an Imperialist of the Imperialists, has within the course of a very few weeks tried to cement an alliance with Mr. Redmond, tried to reconcile the Conservative party to Home Rule all round, tried to induce its leaders to patch up a settlement in the Conference. After doing this furious tirades against Home Rule and Mr. Redmond, and against Mr. Asquith's plan for removing the constitutional deadlock are bound to fall very flat. What the Conservative party has needed in the last few years and the last few months has been a moderate, a reasonably consistent, and a reasonably conservative policy. It has not got this, and it is suffering for that reason. When able Conservative candidates like the one quoted by a correspondent, "stand for the abolition of the hereditary principle," they are really discarding Conservative sentiment and trying to compete with their opponents as reformers of institutions which for 80 years past they have stoutly defended. We have already commented on Lord Rosebery's resolutions, but Lord Lansdowne's ver-

sion is more explicit and more radical. He proposes a Second Chamber to consist in about equal parts of hereditary and non-hereditary peers—the former partly elected by the whole body of peers and partly sitting in virtue of various official positions; the non-hereditary peers to be partly nominated by the Government of the day, and partly elected either on a direct or an indirect franchise. No definite proportions are stated, but it would be impossible to obtain the assent of Liberals to the creation of a new Chamber which would always have a large permanent majority against the measures of a Liberal Government and in favor of the measures of a Conservative Government.

But apart from this defect, the scheme has an inherent weakness, which is very well expressed by its leading sponsor. According to Lord Lansdowne, a Chamber partly elected and partly hereditary cannot be a permanent institution, a confession from which presumably we must conclude that the proposal is only intended as a temporary arrangement. He observed:—

"I have always thought heredity and election are not very good bedfellows and if the change is made I have an idea that those who come after us may see that one of the partners gets rid of the other; and I do not think that the hereditary element is likely to be the predominant partner if that should occur." With this sentiment everybody must agree. In many of our Crown Colonies, and in India, an elected element is combined with a nominated element on the Governor's Councils, but the elected element is outnumbered by the officials. If two dissimilar elements are given equal authority in the Second Chamber of the Imperial Parliament, one or other section is sure to predominate. The Peers in recent years have never opposed the popular House except on the

ground that they more truly understand the popular will. They do not claim that the people are misguided or that they (the Peers) are better able to judge—but that the people are misrepresented in the Commons. Could this same plea be urged by hereditary Peers against the opinion of the elected members in a composite Senate? Surely by the influence of a popular mandate each elected member would inevitably carry a weight equal to many nominees. One cannot mix oil and water. The position of the old element would be anomalous; its weakness would be emphasized by contrast with the *personnel* of the Government and elected members, and the absurdity of giving equal weight to the opinions of persons so diversely chosen would point the way to a Chamber such as that foreshadowed in the preamble to the Government Bill. Whether the action of the Lords will be regarded by the country as a belated death-bed repentance, or a far-seeing and statesmanlike attempt to modify the constitution in conformity with the needs of the time, the events of the next few weeks will show. But the decisions of the Upper House will make it impossible ever to return to the *status quo ante*. If the really conservative plans of Mr. Asquith are rejected a newfangled project of a Second Chamber is inevitable.

But the question of the constitution of the House of Lords is for the moment subordinate to that of the relation between the two Houses—the point to which the Government's Bill is addressed. Lord Lansdowne's scheme is embodied in the following resolutions:—

That as to Bills other than money Bills, such provision shall be upon the following lines:—

If a difference arises between the two Houses with regard to any Bill other than a money Bill in two successive sessions, and with an interval of not less than one year, and such

difference cannot be adjusted by any other means, it shall be settled in a joint sitting composed of members of the two Houses.

Provided that if the difference relates to a matter which is of great gravity, and has not been adequately submitted for the judgment of the people, it shall not be referred to the joint sitting, but shall be submitted for decision to the electors by referendum.

That as to money Bills, such provision should be upon the following lines:—

The Lords are prepared to forego their constitutional right to reject or amend money Bills which are purely financial in character.

Provided that effectual provision is made against tacking; and

Provided that, if any question arises as to whether a Bill or any provisions thereof are purely financial in character, that question be referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses, with the Speaker of the House of Commons as chairman, who shall have a casting vote only.

If the Committee hold that the Bill or provisions in question are not purely financial in character, they shall be dealt with forthwith in a joint sitting of the two Houses.

The introduction of the Referendum is the most radical and revolutionary of all proposals, and we are as much amazed as Lord Morley that it should be put forward by the responsible leaders of the Conservative party.

*The Economist.*

Representative institutions are Conservative in the best sense of the word, because a representative is almost always better educated and better balanced in judgment than the masses who elect him. The level of intelligence in the House of Commons is higher than the level of intelligence in the country. To propose, therefore, that on all questions of importance the voter, instead of his representative, should decide is surely to substitute demogogy for democracy, the voice of the multitude for the voice of a trained and comparatively reflective assembly. We shall be very much surprised if the common-sense of the country approves of this brand-new project, and it seems to us extraordinary that a number of Conservative Free-traders, including Lord Avebury, should so much prefer this to the Liberal solution that they actually ask their fellow Free-traders to vote for Tariff Reform candidates out of regard for the British Constitution! Lord St. Aldwyn's speech was, indeed, an admirable one, and if Lord St. Aldwyn could have spoken for the Unionist party, we feel sure that the late Conference would not have broken up. But the impartial person who reads the debates of the House of Lords will, we think, inevitably conclude that Lord Loreburn and Lord Morley are on far firmer ground than Lord Lansdowne and his friends.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour's stories of summer wooing are the prettiest of holiday trifles, and their invariable touch of originality reacts upon the publishers, moving them to furnish the tales with dress and pictures almost equally pretty. In "The Golden Heart," he has surpassed himself, so

blending his mystery and his romance that they enhance each other, and make one of the most agreeable pieces of current fiction. The illustrations bear out the text in its praise of both the hero and heroine, and this is in itself a rare recommendation. J. B. Lippincott Company.



The "copycat" Mary Ware appears in a very different aspect in the Little Colonel book of the year, "Mary Ware in Texas." As the mainstay of her mother, the good comrade of both of her brothers, the loyal friend to all who approach her, she becomes as charming as the Little Colonel herself, and as a teacher using the Jungle Book as her guide she will arouse the admiration of all right-minded children. Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston continues to be as fascinating as in the days when the Little Colonel was earning her name by imitating her choleric grandfather, and the length of her career was unguessed. L. C. Page & Co.

Miss Amanda M. Douglas has told the story of an American girl's education at considerable length in her "Helen Grant Series," but always a new hope has been shining on the sunny paths leading up to womanhood, and there has been no lack of variety in the journey. This year's volume, "Helen Grant's Decision," will be followed next year by the last, and the entire series very well describes the making of an American gentlewoman. Without doubt it proceeds slowly, but not too slowly for girls of quiet temperament, and reading it will help them to kill snobbishness and the other little foxes that spoil the vines in their life garden. Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co.

The hidden gold mine known only to the red man has already appeared once at least in this season's fiction, but less effectively managed than it is in Mr. S. Carleton Jones's "Out of Drowning Valley." The richness of the mine, in this book, the indifference of the aborigines to its treasures, and the extraordinary natural and artificial defences surrounding it, make so vivid an impression upon the reader, that the culmination leaves him well-nigh breath-

less. Further, the author at the very end of the tale compels the reader to reverse his opinion of the hero, and convinces him that in this new writer he has encountered a story-teller who must not be neglected. Henry Holt & Company.

"The Slowcoach" of Mr. Edward Verrall Lucas's newest book title is a caravan which comes to a pleasant English family as a gift, together with a letter inviting them to set forth in it "on the discovery of their native land." They promptly accept the suggestion, and enjoy themselves very much in various parts of the country aforesaid, until they decide to go home, and there they encounter a man who claims their caravan as his own on the ground that it was sent to him, Mr. Amory and his children, and not to them, the Avories. This being true is beyond explanation, but a wealthy uncle relieves their woe by the promise of a new vehicle and they are left on the verge of new and perhaps happier adventures. Macmillan Co.

Dr. H. N. MacCracken, Dr. F. E. Pierce and Dr. W. H. Durham of the department of English Literature in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University have cooperated in preparing a book of modest size entitled "An Introduction to Shakespeare," which students and lovers of Shakespeare, in or out of the colleges, will warmly welcome. It embodies all the results of the later Shakespearean scholarship, and is agreeably written and admirably arranged. The study of the plays and critical comments upon them are preceded by chapters upon Shakespeare's life, and upon the Elizabethan theatre and Elizabethan London, and the book concludes with a brief chapter upon Shakespeare Delusions, among which, naturally enough, the Baconian theory finds a place. The Macmillan Company.

In the earlier chapters of Miss Mary Mears's "The Bird in the Box" the author seems to heap small discomforts and deprivations on her unoffending characters without pointing any moral or proving any principle, but later the story develops to teach a genuine lesson as to the meaning of lives valueless to the impatient, casual observer, but really typical of a great average. The hero, an inventor,—at times lost to the world in the achievements of his genius, at times forgetting it in the woman whom he loves—is intensely egotistical, and it is not to him, but to one whose humility and unselfishness in all his relations with the heroine show him to be the rightful claimant of her love, that the prize falls after due tribulations. F. A. Stokes Co.

Miss Lillian Whiting's semi-devotional books are read by groups of inquirers so large that any work of hers must be held as important, even by those who find one or other of the Christian creeds sufficient for their spiritual guidance. Her newest book, "Life Transfigured," aims at nothing less than showing an unbroken chain of evolutionary progress in physical and spiritual worlds as evidence of their unity, and this is accompanied by a renewed avowal of belief in the constant, potent, and present aid of the Holy Spirit. She is inclined to accept most of the phenomena formerly styled "physical manifestations" by the spiritualists, and now under investigation by sorely puzzled men of science. Also, she accepts as light the doubtful illumination of Asiatic sects rejected alike by Protestant, Greek, Catholic and Hebrew. Little, Brown & Co.

It is only incidentally that Mr. Warrington Dawson, in his new story, "The Scourge," shows the influence of the emancipated slave on the contemporary South, but his portrayal of the

subtle interplay of feeling between the northern, money-making element, and the established southern society—conservative and yet desirous for its own reasons of remaining in amity with the new-comer—is made with masterly skill. The self-made man, and the man to whom every advantage has been given by wealth, are contrasted in a way to present each the more effectively. In the epilogue Mr. Dawson descends to some slight concessions to the reader who insists on a happy ending, but elsewhere the story depicts the South as a region of intense melancholy where neither the heir of ancestral acres nor the new settler can be happy for many a year to come. Small, Maynard & Co.

Under the title "The Great White North" Helen S. Wright tells the story of Polar exploration all the way from the ancient adventurers whose achievements are little more than myths down to Commander Peary's splendid triumph. She has gathered her materials patiently from all available sources and has wrought them into a narrative of surpassing interest. Ross and Parry, Franklin and Grinnell, Kane, and Hayes, and Hall and Long, von Nordenskjöld, Nares and Markham, De Long, Greely, Melville, Nansen, Conway, Sverdrup, Peary,—and all the rest, it is a noble procession of heroes whose sufferings, bravery and privations form the theme of this book. The record of their exploits makes a story of thrilling interest. Fifty or more illustrations decorate the book. The Macmillan Company.

"The Essence of Religion," by the late Professor Borden Parker Bowne was prepared by him in compliance with the repeated requests of those whom his essays delighted because they represent his pathetic way of dealing with everyday matters, without for a mo-

ment compelling them to appear in a light misrepresenting their real nature. His actual subjects are *The Supremacy of Christ, Prayer, Obedience, Partnership with God*, that from which the book takes its title, and other cognate topics; and the volume includes twelve papers, some of which are sermons. The author's wife gives the book a brief preface in which she says "If," to use the author's own words, "the great end of religion is a developed soul, a soul with a deep sense of God and a soul in which faith, courage and resolution are at their highest, then the writer of these sermons has in his life entered into the fullest realization of all that he taught to others." Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Baldwin has ventured in her new book "*Two Schoolgirls in Florence*," upon a task more ambitious than she has essayed in her ordinary school-girl stories, and the result will be found highly diverting, although seasoned by a sufficient spice of moral to satisfy scrupulous elders. The "Two" are multiplied by more than two before the story ends and some of the girls are boys, but the author makes them the instrument to work out a very good description of Italian customs, the year around, and shows the behavior of the race under strong excitement, bringing out its practical sense and its capacity to turn even misfortunes to a good end. Many a grown woman who has travelled in Italy, keeping to the main roads, will find much in this book to which her journeyings have left her a stranger. The volume is illustrated with eight colored pictures by Mr. H. C. Ernschaw. E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Our House and the People in It," by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, takes readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* into a London abode grown dear to many of

them during the months in which the author has been describing it, and readers of Lippincott's and of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Mr. Ingleside" will recognize other parts of its background, for the house is real, and within a short time an inscription has been set upon its outer wall enumerating the brilliant company at various times sheltered by it. It is not with these but with her fellow tenants, her servants, charwomen, and housekeepers, that Mrs. Pennell entertains her readers. Not Whistler's self, who visited at "Our House," was more original than the servants whom she found, and her memories of them are as well worth reading as gossip of much larger folk. Those who encounter the book will find themselves the richer by the acquisition of one more Mecca to be visited when they seek London. Houghton Mifflin Company.

To an increasing number of appreciative readers, the new volume of essays by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers is one of the chief joys of the holiday publishing season, and his latest, "*Among Friends*" will not disappoint the most eager expectation. Dr. Crothers's papers have the air not often found in the work of our hurrying American writers—an air of having been long meditated, their material accumulating gradually about a whimsical suggestion, welcomed, humored and enjoyed in anticipation by the author, and given to the reader with quiet assurance of a pleasure to be shared. Even when one suspects him of a serious purpose, the touch is light, and the reader bears no grudge. The present volume, like its predecessors, contains a number of contributions to current discussion—if one may give so ponderous a name to pages so delightful—and "*The Colonel in the Theological Seminary*" and "*The Merry Devil of Education*"